

X Collection

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JUN 28 1945

JULY MEETING OF SEQUOYAH CHAPTER

The July meeting was in the form of a surprise to Sequoyah members—a Theator Party and Ico Cream Social—with Ray C. Higgs, Publicity Director of L.I.F., and AAPA member "diggin' deep" into his pockets to pay for the whole affair. Those to attend were McCallister; Stoolo; Richardson; Clontz and Clovenger. Editor's Note - Ray is still invoicing after the "touch."

o o o V -

THANKS FOR THOSE NICE "WARM" LETTERS

To our many L.I.F. members who recently sent us such lovely letters of welcome and encouragement, Sequoyah Chapter extends their many thanks, as each and every letter was appreciated. To Ernie T. Grube, our dear proxy of L.I.F., many thanks for his Official Letter of Welcome, and to that very dear little Publicity Director, Ray Higgs, for his letter of Welcome; his splendid article about Sequoyah Chapter in the Lone Indian Magazine; the "touch"; for the two picnics he planned for us; and for organizing and naming Sequoyah Chapter. Blessings Upon You - Little Man.

o o o V -

A good deed for today -
Publish that paper for AAPA.

THE SEQUOYAH TOTEM

Volume I September 1944 No. I

L.I.F. CHAPTER ORGANIZED

At a recent meeting the Sequoyah Chapter of the L.I.F. was organized and the charter was issued from international headquarters at Shoboygan, Wisconsin. Five charter members were enrolled, Mrs. Roxie McCallister, Mrs. June Stoolo, Mrs. Martha Richardson, Mrs. Ora Clontz, and Mrs. Eva Clovenger.

Appointment of Mrs. Clovenger as president of Sequoyah sorority was announced from the international headquarters. Other officers will be elected at a later meeting. The chapter will hold monthly meetings.

THE SEQUOYAH TOTEM was selected as the official organ of the chapter, with Mrs. Clovenger serving as editor.

o o o V -

AAPA EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY

As a member of AAPA; president of the Sequoyah Chapter of L.I.F.; and editor of THE SEQUOYAH TOTEM, which will be sent through the mailing bureau of AAPA - I wish to extend Greeting to the American Amateur Press Association upon their 8th Anniversary—not only for myself—but for the entire membership of Sequoyah Chapter.

SOUVENIR ISSUE OF THE



Sequoyah Totem

Vol. One October 1944 No. Two.

Sequoyah

members, I greet you -
and with these words
of welcome by Mrs.

Eva Clevenger, President of the local chapter of L.I.F., the clubs first Pow - Wow got under way with II Lone Indians present - including four charter members. This party served as the first real "get - to - gether" for the ladies, who have the Honor of organizing the first L.I.F. Sorority in Indiana., and we may add, that the local chapter is the largest of any of the L.I.F. sororities meeting today. Too, the party served as a real gab fest and organizing meeting, with the ladies talking "shop" throughout the evening. To Lone Indian Martha Hobbs, goes the honor of serving as Hostess for the local chapters first Pow - Wow, and to the following members goes the pleasure and honor of attending: -

Mrs. Eva Clevenger
Mrs. Ora Clontz
Mrs. Wesley Gillum
Mrs. Wernia Pennington
Mrs. Dora Heffler

Mrs. June Steele
Mrs. Roxie McCallester
Mrs. Minnie Pennington
Mrs. Orvilla Rogers
Miss Fairy Isaacs

Mrs. Martha Hobbs - Hostess

The Program

Opening Prayer by Mrs. Martha Hobbs.

Welcome to chapter by Mrs. Eva Clevenger.

Official Letter of Welcome from Ernst Grube, President of LIF,
read by Mrs. Ora Clontz.

Presentation of Charter to club by Mrs. Eva Clevenger.

Election of officers - Vice President; Sect. - Treas.; Press Reporter.

Contests and Games.

Refreshments and social hour.

coming up

Oct. 21-Party at Mrs. Ora Clontz,
918 East 13th. Street.

Oct. 28-Halloween Party at Mrs.
Eva Clenger, 404 East
10th. Street.

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#322

THE SAN DIEGO AAF
 Volume One
 HOW TO BECOME A
 CLASS JUNIOR

Practically anyone who tries to write can become a writer. But he must follow a set of rules. You can't learn to do anything well unless properly instructed, and the same applies to the hobby of letter writing. Having made a success of the hobby myself, I feel qualified to give suggestions

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This "I Print Alone" edition of 1945

 THE LIBRARY
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 SERIAL RECORD

#327

SPIGOT

is being written into the stick, and printed by Helen to supplement the New Year's issue with sundry flash bulletins, acknowledgments and gab:

Wesson Gone Bye Bye

From Florida to "Oklahoma" to Baltimore and its Junior League to Washington and its Trentano's for a steel of Fantasy, including "Sleep No More." Then... Weehawken for Helen and APO for Wessonmale.

Knowing how soldiers, especially my Babe, sweat Mail Call, I shall be happy to send you his APO address.

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 SPIGOT
 JUN 28 1945
 BULLETIN

 Chatfield, Swindall Married
 in Washington

Special to Spigot

TACOMA, Wash., Jan. 15.--Vivian E. Chatfield, SpT 8c, WAVES, was married here today to Cpl Hiram Ira Swindall, US Army.

The bride, whose home was in Riverdale, N. Y., is a Link instructor at the Naval Air Station at Norman, Okla. Cpl Swindall is from Gatesville, Texas, and is now in the intelligence section of the 44th Division at Fort Lewis.

Details of the ceremony were not immediately available. Of course not. They're saving same for their own paper.

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THE LIBRARY OF
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Spigot

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SERIAL RECORD

SATYRIC

IN 20 1943

SPRING, 1945

HERE TODAY AND.....

.....bring a cumulative historical document covering our heroes'
past and more recent ramifications.....

Modulate to a "Winkle" yawn.

What! 1945! Why the last time any agitation issued from me was during 1939. Today must be my Ground-hog day.

Those cobwebs? Well, there may be telling strands on my aj mail, but there ain't no gray threads on me - 'ceptin' in my hair. But that's a saga to be related.....

True! that is an unenviable stack of musty smelling unanswered mail. Made an estimate some months ago: 78 letters from 52 members. Tanned with age they are, and forever forgotten. Got away from me for a week once. The mounting stack fascinated me. Never tried to put a dent in it.

No! it's not gray. That's dust on the press. It's really painted green. I built the stand byself. It's thrown together with the craftsmanship of a cabinet maker. I lapped the joints and dives, screwed, tattooed and stewed it in varnish. Sturdy little thing. I do

X-PN 4827

11-17-48

*Siamese
Standpipe*

V-E DAY ISSUE
Number Fifteen

X-PN 4827

#329

*Siamese
Standpipe*

SEPTEMBER 4, 1945

Number Sixteen

SHARP POINTERS

Number Two

Alhambra, California

August 1946

Refined Torture

A refinement of torture is to discover what your vis-a-vis is most interested in and try to puncture his ego by telling a joke about it. Knowing that Editor Sharp is a realtor we have been trying to think of something appropriate, but these days they have the laugh on us; it must be wonderful to lean back in an office chair and say "No" into the telephone instead of "Aw, please do come on and buy a house." We've been wondering if we could work in our favorite real-life joke; a ditch-digger in our town died, and the obituary mentioned that he had been "active in real estate." Well?

And this next, instead of being a joke, is really a tribute: a neighbor of ours who had moved into town from a farm, decided after a couple of years that he'd like to get back into the country if he could find something better than the broken-down farm he had moved from; so he read the classifieds for several months until he saw just what he wanted. He dropped a line to the advertiser and received a descriptive letter that whipped him into drooling enthusiasm—until he read directions for reaching the farm and discovered that it was the old homestead.

—Willametta Turnepseed

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Spigot

100% R. 18

Sample Record

JUN 20 1941

100% R. 18

100%

#331



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SERIAL RECORD
JUN 18 1945

SABOTAGE

A cooperative effort by three National Amateur Press Assn. deathheads
LORRAINE LINDBLAD, JACK McMENAMIN, ROBERT ROLLEY
Printed by ELAINE JORGENSEN

Communique No. 14

No Man's Land

SABOTAGE!

"With malice towards all."

This little bit of propaganda is the result of spontaneous combustion on a rainy California Sunday afternoon. It was concocted between pieces of mince pie (Mrs. Lindblad's best) and renditions of "Stormy Weather" by Jack McMenamin at the piano. Since we couldn't agree on our editorial policy (because of dictatorial complexes) we ended up by each taking a page on which we could insult the others to our heart's content. As a matter of fact we love everybody and we think the world is just peachy but just to keep everything from getting too disgustingly happy we offer "Sabotage." Of course, we do not want to be confused with those Red poultry pamphlets. We have always maintained and will continue to do so, that their editors just do it for the helluvit, with absolutely no consideration of its ultimate value to mankind. Our little paper we have designed of a convenient size for use as hand towels. In case you don't realize how good "Sabotage" is we present the following unsolicited statements by famous people.

Jack McMenamin, dilettante, "Excruciating, isn't it?"

Hyman Bradofsky, intellectual, "The public be damned."

Joseph Blow, confidence man, "Confidentially, . . ."

Representative Martin Dies, liberal, "Sabotage!"

The New Masses, "It's propaganda!"

Victor Moltoret, egotist, " $\sqrt{x, y, z} = \frac{\sqrt{x}}{2F} + \frac{\sqrt{y}}{2F} + \frac{\sqrt{z}}{2F}$ "

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SOFT-SHELL

KIM EHRMAN

PUBLISHER



Volume 1

Number 2

April 1945

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS RECORD

SPECIAL PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE

JUN 28 1945

Charging me with "dictatorship," William F. Haywood has resigned as Historian. He first submitted his resignation several weeks ago, but I refused to accept it at that time. I asked him to reconsider because of the effect his resignation would have on the laureate competitions. I offered to make any adjustment he considered necessary and to resign myself if he wished.

He refused to reconsider and tendered his resignation again. I had no choice but to consider the welfare of the AAPA and accept his resignation without further delay.

After learning of my position by letter and conferring with Haywood, Helen Wesson accepted my appointment of her to succeed Haywood as Historian.

All laureate entries should now be sent to:

**Mrs. Sheldon C. Wesson
2214 Palisade Avenue
Weehawken, New Jersey**

Due to a legal technicality, George H. Kay has withdrawn from the board of directors. Although it would have been possible for him to remain a member of the board, he declined because of business pressure. His successor has not yet been named.

Publication of the 1945 Yearbook is now drawing near. It promises to be one of the finest ever published by any ajay group. Several members have already contributed five dollars each to the Yearbook Fund, and other members are urged to give as much as they can afford.

Fraternally,
ED WALL
President

• Miami, Florida
March 10, 1945

Review of 12/1/42

X-PN 4827

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The Southern Californian

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AMATEUR PRESS CLUB

VOL. I

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, DECEMBER, 1945

NO. 2

ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE

By A. G. SHARP

Somewhere in the firing line.
4/15/42.

Dear old dad:

This may not reach you for weeks, or possibly not at all, but I want to get it off my chest. (like those darn tatoos I foolishly indulged in, when I first joined the marines, that artist sure had designs on me.) I reckon you'll be looking for some inkspots from your old pal, too.

We've been pals for a long time, dad, ever since I can remember, and I can go back 30 years ago, when you used to "bottoms up" on me and shift those three cornered handkerchiefs on your "little Chief Running Spring," as you so often dubbed me.

I'm thinking now of those last 18 years you and I cooked our own, since that day the light went out in our house, and little mom walked down the gang plank on her last shore leave.

I'll never forget those silent hand-clasps, and how we stumble along in the dark at the start, having to prop each other up. Even tho we never spoke of it, we each knew what was going on inside the other, there's something bigger than words in this old World and you taught me the combination.

You never were much on the loud speaker, were you? I guess it's your influence that makes me see this war as I do today, gosh,

how I used to hate the thought of it.

Young as I was then, I can still recall your outstretched arm, waving the handkerchief at mom and me, as we stood on the dock and saw your boat pull off for France; And then the glorious homecoming, with whistles and bells, and confetti knee-deep on Main Street, and we didn't even know about your crutch until you hobbled up the gang plank on one and a half, and you just laughed it off, saying what a saving it would be in sole leather.

Was mom proud of you, with all those medals? I know you'd be in it now too, if they hadn't worn a leg off you the last time.

I see the whole show in a different light today, dad, I've been hobnobbing with so-called death, so close that one of those shrieking bombs would almost be welcome, if I only had myself to consider, it would get those crazy tatoo marks off my chest, without a needle. Think of it, I used to dread those needles, and now after what we've been thru in all these weeks of bombing and attacks, that little old needle would be like wiping off a blackboard example.

Funny, how a guy conquers fear and pain, but the big thing, is hate, we don't have that any more. We realize that the only thing to hate, is the thing that starts these wars, that's the thing we are out to kill.

Those poor Jap kids, so many of

JUN 26 1945



SEQUOYAH TOTEM

EVA JANE CLEVINGER --- Editor-in-Chief.

... V -

L.I.F. SEQUOYAH SOCIETY

Mrs. Verna Vandine was hostess for the first meeting of the new year of the local chapter of the L.I.F. at her home 16 41 Kentucky Avenue. She was assisted by Miss Daisy Pennington, who later became a member.

The meeting was opened by Mrs. Eva Clevenger, president, who read the 18th. chapter of St. Matthew. Roll call was given by Mrs. Vandine. Seven members gave responses and the secretary gave her report.

After a short period of sewing a group of clever contests was presented, prizes being awarded to Mrs. Minnie Pennington and Miss Daisy Pennington.

Refreshments were served cafeteria style. Aside from the hostess, those present were Mrs. Ora Clontz; Mrs. Minnie Pennington; Mrs. Eva Clevenger; Mrs. Goldie Lamm; Mrs. Orvilla Rogers; Mrs. Mary Howell, and three guests, Miss Daisy Pennington; Miss Dorothy McCallum and Miss Joan McCallum.

... V -

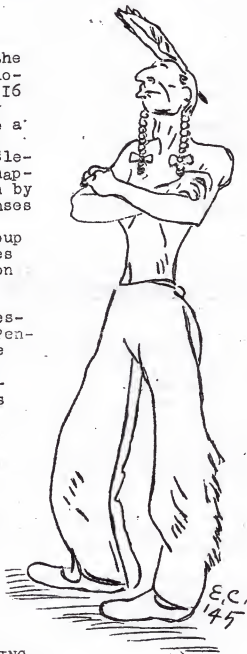
FEBRUARY POW - WOW

The February meeting of the L.I.F. SEQUOYAH Sorority will be held on Friday 16th. at the home of Mrs. Minnie Pennington, 304 East 9th. Street. All members are urged to be present, bringing a guest.

... V -

DECEMBER MEETING.

The December meeting of the SEQUOYAH Sorority was held at the home of Mrs. Ora Clontz, 420 East 13th. Street. The meeting was called to order by the president, Mrs. Eva Clevenger. Prayer being given by Mrs. Hazel Fee, a guest. Mrs. Clevenger read the 2nd. Chapter of Luke. In closing the group sang Silent Night. During the social hour, games of Christmas note were played, prizes being awarded to Mrs. Moxie McCallister, Mrs. Eva Clevenger and Mrs. Hazel Fee.





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... V -

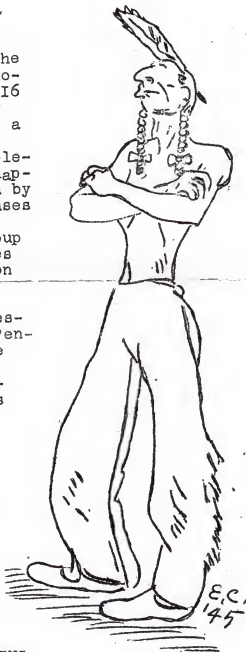
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JUN 28 1945

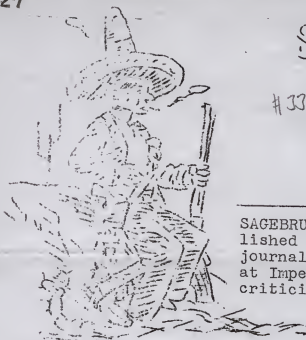
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SAGEBRUSH

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JUNE



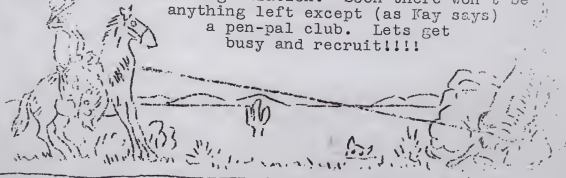
SAGEBRUSH...An Amateur Journal published in the interest of amateur journalism by William Scheurman at Imperial, Nebraska. Comments and criticism are welcome..Volume 4,

In my last issue, I said no more CORNHUSKERS would appear by the mimeo method. Well, I kept my word. For that reason SAGEBRUSH appears.

Printing via the press method turned out to be a bigger job than I had first expected. That was the reason for the delay. I now have a CORNHUSKER almost done now and it will no doubt appear in the same bundle as this one. Quite a thing. I don't publish for about a year, then when I do publish, I have two papers in the same bundle.

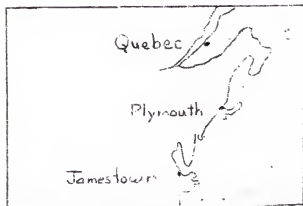
I don't agree with Kay upon his idea to combine the co-operative publishing plan with the official organ. After all, the official organ isn't meant to be a magazine. Just a paper to give official reports etc. I am though, in favor of having the 4 page news sheet in each organ.

If the AAPA doesn't pick up, I don't hardly see how we can survive. Membership is gradually decreasing and more and more members are becoming inactive or joining some other organization. Soon there won't be anything left except (as Kay says) a pen-pal club. Lets get busy and recruit!!!!



THE 17th CENTURY HERALD

MAP OF NEW COLONIES



NEW COLONIES ESTABLISHED IN NEW LANDS

Many new lands have been discovered in this great 17th century. A company of London merchants founded a colony at Jamestown in the year 1607. The following year, 1608, Champlain discovered Quebec. The people of the colonies have found the land surrounding them very rich in the necessary products such as spices.

The Separatists, the extreme Puritans, founded a settlement at Plymouth in 1620. The Separatists established this colony because they wanted to worship God as they chose. They were Protestant, but in England they had to attend the Anglican church.

PARLIAMENT SEEKS FUNDAMENTAL RIGHTS

Charles I In Need Of Money
From Parliament

Yesterday, Charles I came to Parliament asking for a raise in taxes. He has become involved in a war with France. Before Parliament promised to raise the taxes he had to Guarantee Fundamental Rights. In the past, Charles I has been levying taxes on his own authority and raising money through various other means such as foreign loans. (Continued on Page 4)

SCIENCE PROGRESSES

Mountains on The Moon, Sun Spots,
Jupiter's Moons

Galileo has made many improvements on the telescope. He has now made a very powerful telescope from the finest ground and polished glass that can be had. It is many times more powerful than the first telescope made by Hans Lippershey of Middelburg in 1608. Hans Lippershey was a Dutch spectacle-maker who invented the telescope by an accident when making glasses.

Galileo is the first human to see mountains on the moon. He also has found some dark spots on the sun, and moons going around Jupiter. All this he let many other men see and proved it to the world.

MICROBE

A Dutch scholar named Leeuwenhoek has made a microscope. He spends most of his time studying animal organisms. He has found some organisms in animals, and he calls them living microbes.

PARLIAMENT SEEKS FUNDAMENTAL RIGHTS
(Continued from 1st column)

Today Parliament embodied these rights in a so called petition of Rights. It (1) restricts the king's power in matters of taxation and forbids him (2) to imprison men without specifying the charges and (3) to lodge his soldiers in private houses without the occupants' consent and (4) to try private citizens in military courts. This will raise taxes considerably because Parliament will probably give Charles I the money he wants.

Slash

APRIL 1945

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IN THIS ISSUE:

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SLASH

has something new
in the line of ed-
itors ... Their
opinions are as
different as dif-
ferent can be...
Therefore, instead
of having one edi-
torial policy,
SLASH has two!

SLASH is a member
of the teen-age
group of N.A.P.A.

NEW ERA OF ADVERTISING

An expert analysis on the evolution of ad-
vertising by Steve Karp, who has conducted
an extensive investigation of radio, news-
paper and subway ads over a period of twenty-
four hours.



Spring Issue

#341

THE LIBRARY

SERIAL RECORD

JUN 29 1944

SOFT

OPT

Slash

JULY 1945

X-PN 4827



National Amateur Press Union

JUMP!

A SHORT STORY BY

Steve Karp

A.Y.D.

STUDY IN SCARLET

Roy Lindberg

ON THE LEFT

ON THE RIGHT

RACING

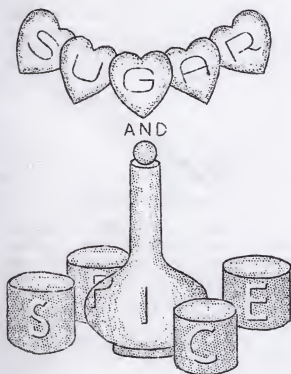
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PLUS

3 POPULAR
COLUMNS

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FEBRUARY, 1946

NO. 3

Pare Book Coll.
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SPICY TOPIX



NUMBER 8

SEPTEMBER, 1946

STRICTLY PERSONAL

AUGUST, 1946

My Job . . . *Is My Recreation!*

I like to haul dead dogs. I like to see your trash barrel clean as a hound's tooth . . . and I stay on the job to do it.

You don't see me running off to the sandbar when there's dogs to cart off. I don't even go to the moving picture show on Saturday afternoon. I believe in staying on the job . . . and you can get me to do your hauling day or night.

I get fun out of my job folks . . . so don't forget the Old Reliable, when you have trash to haul.

Just hunt me up—if I ain't on Main street I'm on my way to the dumping ground with your neighbor's trash.

Clarence Rankin
The Old Reliable
Trash Man of Van Buren

I also do custom hauling. I cut been sticks. I'll do most anything that needs to be done—and lots of stuff that nobody else will do. Remember me, the Old Reliable. My brothers also do fishing—if you can't catch fish yourself, feed your folks by buying from Rankin—the old reliable.

This advertisement in the Van Buren, Ark. Press-Argus on April 12, 1946 indicates that Bob Burns is not the only prominent citizen of that town.

STRICTLY PERSONAL

Published at irregular intervals by EMERSON DUERR,
3313 N. Summit Ave., Milwaukee 11, Wisconsin.

NO. 3 MILWAUKEE, SEPTEMBER, 1946



THE August bundle, in which STRICTLY PERSONAL made its debut, was our first. I sat up quite late to read thru the contents, and enjoyed every one of the papers, from the Segals' beautifully executed CAMPANE to Richard Coram's refreshing eight-page CRESCENT with its "Junior" supplement.

Meyer Perlmut obviously spent a lot of time printing JUST FOR THE RIDE. Having had a similar experience, I readily understand his reference to the lugging and hauling he had to do in order to assemble his equipment before a single piece of type could be set.

This amateur, incidentally, was much encouraged to find that he isn't the only one to be bothered with typographical errors. I generally discover my mistakes when the press run is almost finished or I am assembling for binding.

Mention, I see, is made of the respective merits of printing and mimeograph-

STRICTLY PERSONAL

No. 6

Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Christmas 1946

#346



THE GOOD OLD DAYS—Some sigh for their return. But who wants horse cars back again? Our photo shows a busy afternoon on a downtown Milwaukee street along about 1875 (E. Wisconsin Ave. a few blocks west of the Chicago Northwestern station on the lakefront.)

Sour Notes

Number 8

September, 1946

BRACE YOURSELF, ED

Allowing Ed Cole to speak at the Newark NAPA Convention Banquet was the greatest blunder in the history of the NAPA. His speech, addressed to a representative group of amateur journalists, was the most prejudiced piece of slander against amateur journalism ever to issue from the lips of one who professes to be an amateur journalist.

Cole's speech, obviously formulated to arouse ill-will, contained nothing but disparaging remarks pointed at the other amateur press groups outside of the NAPA. He referred to all other amateur journalistic organizations as being either temporary, preparatory, or not worth recognition and maintained that the NAPA was the only, true, and lasting a. j. association.

Far be it from me to question Mr. Cole's motives; I merely state that his speech showed bad taste.

X-PN 4827

#J48

SATYRIC

SUMMER

1946

INSPIRE ME

Hah! Methinks we come under the status of people-you-didn't-expect-to-meet. Such unbridled activity from the assorted Martins', you say, has some sort of a catch to it. And you're right! Here's the pitch:

As many of you know, we have been banging our heads against the song-writing business for a long time. A couple of years ago a publisher took two of our numbers ("I'll Be Back" and "Disturbing") neither of which staggered beyond the Professional Copy stage. (Although Smith reported that "I'll Be Back" was a minor-colossal success in Italy-all of which is pleasant but still unpublished.)

At long last we are troubling the Jack-pot. Another publisher, Music Mart, Oakland, California, has put printed copies on the stands along with a very nice recording of our number: "Inspire Me."

Now that's there you come in. Put this little reminder in your pocket and every time you pass your local music stores drop in and ask for "Inspire Me." Ask for the recording and / or the sheet music. Of course he won't have it so it won't be expensive to ask. The idea is to keep asking until he does supply you with one. Create a demand, you know.

Number
One

Salvo!

February
1946

Fired whenever ammunition is handy and a target is in the sights
by LT. CDR. VICTOR A. MOITORET, USN

WESSON, WHERE ART THOU?

HASTEN HOME, Sheldie, me lad! Your brawn is needed to accompany my brains on our oft-promised post-war pogrom and purge, aimed at the utter obliteration of all obnoxious mimeographing within our ranks. To battle stations, comrade—the time is now!

WE CAN TAKE as our first target the December N. A. P. A. bundle. Let's ignore the other four mimeoed attempts and align our cross-wires to concentrate our volume of fire at the enemy's weakest spot, which in this case happens to be Neal R. Peirce's *Brainwave* 15. Of course, we could take the easy way out and lump our criticism up into a caustic expostulation: "It stinks!"—and let it go at that. But if our campaign is to prosper, it is our duty to prove beyond a doubt just how and why it stinks. Let's go!

1. The mimeographing is messy. Guinane, Aubry, and Compton have shown this to be inexcusable.

2. The page slants drunkenly across the paper—at least on both the copies we've seen.

3. The typing is careless—seven (7) uncorrected strikeouts on one page. If Peirce can't afford a bottle of correction fluid, we'll make him a present of same upon receipt of a penny postcard request.

4. "United" should not be hyphenated between the "n"

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Number
Two

Salvo!

June
1946

Fired whenever a target is handy by LCDR V. A. MOITORET, USN

Does Vondy need a new pair of glasses? We strongly suspect it, for *Bellette* No. 20 gives multitudinous evidences of serious short-sightedness on the part of its editor.

First, she calls her effort a "journal" which it obviously is *not*, since it is mimeographed. Nor is her excuse of "pertinence, expediency, and convenience" acceptable to us, for *Pacnowe* exemplifies each of these and yet is printed.

Was Vondy wearing dark glasses or blinders when she wrote that "no one else" but Bill Haywood has the qualifications for President? Even without glasses we can see at least half a dozen others—which is not to deny that Bill is a fine candidate who will get our vote.

Perhaps Vondy needs radar, even, for she cannot see very far in the westward direction, charging as she does that the Pacific Coast area "needs a working knowledge of our affairs." (Whose affairs, Vondy—yours?)

But the height of faulty vision appears when Vondy seeks to condemn our proposed amendment. Here she proves that she didn't read the amendment nor the published explanation of the issues involved and the necessity for the proposed changes. If she would do so, she might realize that the amendment accomplishes *precisely* what she favors as an alternative. And reference to the NAPA constitution would show her that it is about 75 per cent *regulations*, which she avers should not be in the document at all because they affect free-will!

Oversight replaces shortsightedness when Vondy suggests that during the year previous to entertaining a convention the West Coast

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#351

**Siamese
Standpipe**

泰國ノ水道拾七番地

東京四月一九四六年

Tokyo, April 1946

Number Seventeen

SHARP POINTERS

Number 4

Alhambra, California

October 1946

"Money Is The Root Of All Evil"

They give us that stuff about money being the root, so I'm inclined to see if it's possible to square that root, and maybe find out if some evil doesn't exist in an economic system which gives the good old green-back such a yellow front.

Consequently I'm dedicating this issue of *Sharp Pointers* to, what appears to be, dull dis-appointers, but is in reality a vital issue to every man, woman, child, and monkey in this here dis-united state into which we have fallen.

Some Do You Knows

Do you know that private interests control the credit of our whole Nation? Read Jerry Voorhis' book, "Out of Debt, Out of Danger."

Do you know that our Constitution provides that Congress shall have the power to create new money, but our private banks now exercise this power?

Do you know that the so-called Federal Reserve Banks are owned by the private banks, and that the Government does not own one penny of stock in them?

Do you know that the private banks, with their 144 million dollars worth of capital stock in the Federal Reserve Banks control the 20 billions worth of gold we have stored in those vaults in Kentucky?

Do you know that the private banks simply make book entries to subscribe for Government Bonds, which draw interest, and then can put those bonds up as collateral, and obtain an equivalent amount of Federal

APN 4827

2092

THE STEPPING STONE

THE
NATIONAL AMATEUR
PRESS ASSN.



Baker

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FCS-

THE STEPPING-STONE

THE
NATIONAL AMATEUR
PRESS ASSN.



Feb 46

APR 4 1927

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THE STEPPING-STONE

THE
NATIONAL AMATEUR
PRESS ASSN.



John

May 17/27

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**THE
STEPPING-STONE**

**THE
NATIONAL AMATEUR
PRESS ASSN.**



Baker

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PRESS ASSN.



John

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24

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NEW UNIVERSAL 1951

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A
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JULY 1945

Number 1

Volume 1

PUBLISHED FOR
VANGUARD
WILLIAM M. DANNER

AERONAUTICS

X-PN 482Z

#360

Sky

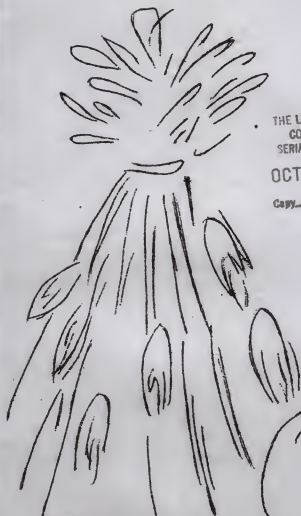
OCTOBER 1946

October

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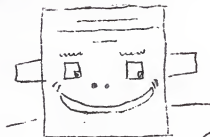
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The Southern Californian

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AMATEUR PRESS CLUB

VOL. I

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, MAY, 1946

NO.3

MEET IN LOS ANGELES IN '47

INVITATION TO N. A. P. A.

"Pop" Mellinger made the motion. It was promptly seconded. Then a vote was taken. Unanimous!

It was as simple as that.

Now the "welcome" mat has been dusted off and members of the National Amateur Press Association are invited to hold the 1947 convention in Los Angeles.

However, this was no snap judgment, wild evidence of enthusiasm, nor a bid for notoriety. It followed quite a bit of quiet investigation, a sincere desire to promote amateur journalism, and a willingness to go along with Salt Lake City in preparation for the event.

Frankly, members of the Southern California Amateur Press Club had informally discussed how members of the club could assist Salt Lake City in staging the affair. It was felt—and definitely—that it was high time that a convention should be held in the Western part of the country.

Seattle seemed so far away—way up North there—but Salt Lake City was strategically situated. Members could slide down from Oregon and Washington, those from around the Bay District could take a jaunt East a bit, and from Southern California—which has experienced a splurge in enthusiasm—members could combine a vacation with their favorite hobby.

So, at the January meeting there was quite a discussion as to how best we could help Salt Lake City. President Harold Ellis was authorized to ascertain the facts. How could we help—that was the question. Then came a reply from Elaine Jorgensen Meers. Salt Lake City, because of civic celebrations already scheduled, would not be the proper place to hold the convention, due to a prospective shortage in hotel accommodations.

Now, it may come a surprise, but one of the members of the Southern California Amateur Press Club—Valmah Price—is the managing director of a hotel right in the very heart of downtown Los Angeles. It's Hotel Trenton—a hotel that advertises "True Comfort Without Extravagance." Yes, the advertising is handled by Wesley H. Porter—Advertising.

Even though Valmah was not at the meeting, it was felt that there could not possibly be a hitch in caring for the gathering, if the members should decide to meet here. Los Angeles—the area as a whole—is a composite of many suburban towns and cities. That we could meet in the general vicinity was a certainty.

So the invitation was immediately extended in private letters, trusting that some publishers, some members

The Southern Californian

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AMATEUR PRESS CLUB

Vol. I LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA OCTOBER, 1946 No. 4

EATING IN THE DAYS OF THE DON'S

By Wesley H. Porter

Perhaps modern day chefs can put together a repast that will tickle the palate of the most fastidious gourmand, but early Californians had a system of eating that merits attention, too.

First of all, let it be understood that there were some four meals each day, the first starting at day-break. With but few exceptions they were served in the kitchen.

Seldom was a table set, except in the best families. The custom was to take the food from the kettles and pass around the plates. In common practice clay dishes (cajetes) were used. And there were very few knives, forks and spoons as we know them now. Instead, horn spoons and forks were used.

A common practice was to take up the meat with a piece of tortilla and eat it all together. If any knives were used they were the ones that were utilized for any purpose.

In the well-to-do families the first meal came at daybreak. The *desayuno* consisted of milk mixed with a little pinole or maize that had been finely sifted and a small amount of sugar. This might be varied with milk, chocolate, or coffee served with or without milk, with the addition of bread or biscuit well buttered.

The regular breakfast—or *almuerzo*—was served between eight and nine in the morning. Now comes something really tasty and filling.

Beef was plentiful in the early days and so at breakfast there might be some good fresh beef or veal. Roasted or otherwise prepared, it was accompanied by well fried beans and a cup of tea or coffee with milk.

Hubert H. Bancroft, the foremost California historian, tells us that some used bread made of wheat flour, while others preferred a type of bread that was made of maize, of a circular shape, flattened out very thin, and then baked over a slow fire on a flat, earthen pan, and which was known as *tortilla de maíz*—to distinguish it from the one made of wheat flour with a little fat—which was called *tortilla de farina*.

Remember, we are only through breakfast now.

At noon time came dinner. At this meal was served a tasty broth, a *la española*, which usually was made of beef or mutton and then thickened with rice, garbanzos, cabbage, etc., all of it cooked together.

Then came soups *a la española*, which were made with rice, vermicelli, tallarines, macaroni, punteta, or small dumplings of wheat flour, bread or *tortilla de maíz*.



SPLASH

Volume I

February 1946

Number III

WE DIDN'T DO IT!

Last week, the Willamette River, the McKenzie River, and tributaries of each were swollen by rains and snow water beyond flood stage. We hereby deny all allegations that have been circulating that SPLASH had anything to do with said flood. It was solely the work of nature!

This high water followed by two years a similar flood at which time the river reached sixteen feet, four feet above flood stage. This time a high of over eighteen feet caused an estimated damage of six million dollars in this vicinity.

WATCH THE WEST

Enthusiasm and interest is continuing to grow and the West is doing things, despite the remarks of Mr. Babcock in his recent issue of ALF'S CAT. We hereby heartily endorse Dora H. "Ma Moit" Moitoret's suggestion that the 1947 Convention be in the West. And remember, when we speak of "The West", we mean the West and not Chicago, Omaha, or even Salt Lake City.

As mentioned in the last issue of SPLASH, we're enthused about the Convention Tour set forth in the December TRAIL BLAZER. In fact, we are so much interested that we have started saving money for the trip.

Let's hear from other a.j.'s on the West Coast who would be interested in such a venture.

The small community of Glenwood, situated in low lands between Eugene and Springfield suffered the hardest. The entire populace was evacuated and when the waters had subsided and damage could be reviewed, it was found that ninety percent of the homes were ruined or greatly damaged. Stores, business houses and dance halls were inundated with six foot of water.

Flood control has been developed which, it is hoped, will prevent such reoccurrences, but it requires a total of seven dams. At present, two have been completed.

In the known history of this valley, only twice has this high mark been exceeded, one time as high as twenty-three feet.

Again, we wish to say -- SPLASH had nothing to do with it!

SPLASH

Volume I

October 1946

Number 7

Hot Month

With the first fall rains, *SPLASH* will again "splash" monthly, we hope. While we have not been active to the point of publishing, our interest has not wavered during the summer months.

It was with regret that we canceled plane reservations for Clark and the WPA Convention, but we found there were things more important to attend to that time. *NEWSSET* proofs received, it must have been successful and enjoyed by most.

The bundles and privately-mailed papers were read with interest. Forward them a comment or statement in these papers has aroused our special attention.

In the July bundle was Vic and Rowena's *WPA NEWSSET* covering the coming on their first national WPA meeting. It, too, in addition was Oregon bundle found that it covered all over 325 miles by the mailing list. It, too, was not only a masterpiece by the mailing list, but it was also the Oregon bundle was really worth the effort it takes to mail it.

One of the most enjoyed is-
sues received during the entire year was *WPA NEWSSET* by J. J. Smith. It was a masterpiece in a bundle of letters to our
WPA Newsset. He fell we personally met J. J. Smith.

Another fine memorial was *ALF'S* *WPA NEWSSET* by J. J. Smith. The issue was up to Alf's usual standard and service by us.

The election of officers at the Convention met our hearty approval. We're sure the association will progress during the year under their leadership. We offer them our cooperation.

LITERARY NEWSSET was missed but not so much as *WPA NEWSSET*. *LITERARY NEWSSET* had not found its way to the mailing. We hope it to more of our WPA Newsset in back in Springfield.

SPRINGBOARD

EDITION

OF

LITERARY

NEWSETE



No. 244

Springfield, Ohio

Oct. 7, 1946

PHILOSOPHY

Amid the storm and wind
I look and try to find
In nature's great domain—
A nook where I can reign.

The pretty pansy face,
A beauty in its place!
The lovely oak and pine
Some men believe divine.

God and nature leave
A space for these to breathe;
And surely it must be
They've left a place for me.

—Marjorie Whitlow

FOR THE BENEFIT OF new members who have asked me, I'll repeat that I do save view cards, not merely as a hobby but because I use them for locales in stories. Cards received the past month prove that aays do a lot of traveling: Charlie Austin's came from Oklahoma and Maine; Judson Compton's from Washington (he dropped in on Ma Moitoret and she signed, too; Roy Lindberg, from the Panama Canal en route to Manila; Jeanne Sullivan, in Miami, Florida and Cuba; Grace Phillips in Nashville. Mr. & Mrs. E. H. Cole sent a postal from Montpelier, Vermont and naturally it was also signed by W. Paul Cook; while one from Nita Smith's also signed by Vondy and Helm Spink made me sad since I had planned to be there that week-end. And special thanks for those clusters of additions from Beecher Ogden, Walter T. Vaughan, and Earle Cornwall. Also to A. van Werven for hand-painted views in Holland, and to Harold Gibbons Moore holidaying on the south coast of England. (N.B. Roy's card was a whole folder on the Canal.)

SPRINGFIELD ENTERTAINS

We wrote this up for the National Amateur so we'll only mention who was present before going to the reason for this issue; members were Katharine Neal Smith, June Wynters-Watson, Louise Lincoln, Raymond Jeffreys, Richard Coram, and Robert Dunlap from out-of-town; Mabel Forrer, Alma Weixelbaum, Guy Miller, Cleo Hayes, who has just joined the United, and me. Guests were Mabel Poppleton, Orton Rust, and W. Brian Peake.

For the divertimento of guests & members at Springfield's October 6th meeting we played 'Biography, the object being to write an autobiography to be read by another member while the others attempt to guess the writer's identity.

One guest, whom we have not yet enticed into membership, was Mabel Poppleton and after reading her contribution LitNews advocates an intensive campaign because we need her brand of humor:

Once near Christmas long ago
In a humble home in Ohio
Came a tiny tot with a wealth of curls
To join a brother and two other girls.
She wasn't handsome—she isn't yet—
Once you've seen her you'll never
forget.

How partial old Mother Nature has been
In turning her into an old brown hen
With green feathers adorning her
little top knot

And only a vacuum where brains are not!
But her galeety usually is quite immense,
She's just as happy as if she had sense!

And here's the biography of a well-known and important publisher; can you guess (sorry - turn over)

THE S N A R K

A cooperative magazine issued
quarterly by members of the
Jack London Amateur Press Club,
affiliate of United Amateur
Press Association ~~of America~~.

Published irregularly without
benefit of copyright or entry
as 2nd class matter.

VOLUME FOUR, NUMBER 1
Spring Issue, 1946
San Francisco, Calif.

Coordinating Editor: Mervin Leeds

Editorials:

The High Cost of Intellectual Honesty
The Art of Appreciation

Special Article:

Substandard Pay in Civil Service

General Article:

The Rights of Labor - The right of Citizens

Correspondence:

Invitation

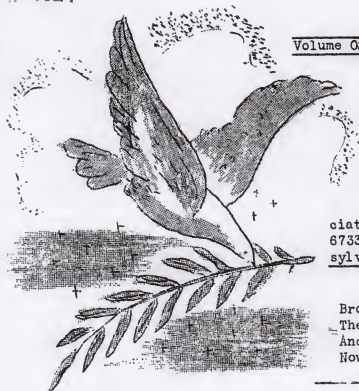
Hunting the Snark:

Our Mutual Birthday

The Jack London Amateur Press Club's quarterly meeting will be held Monday evening, July 15, 1946 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hayes in San Leandro.

The following meeting is scheduled for Monday, October 21, at a place to be selected. Plan now to be there. Writers are invited to attend and become associated with the group's activities which will include participation in publishing the magazine, preparations for an annual national convention, exchange of ideas in the interest of social, economic and political freedom based on the cherished American right to freedom of the press.

Secretary A. O. McLaughlin, 776 - 17th Street, Oakland, California invites your manuscript and application for membership.



This dove of peace symbolizes the fact that the convention and elections are over.

Smirks and Smears is published in the interest of amateur journalism and the National Amateur Press Association by Neal R. Peirce, The Emlen Arms, 6733 Emlen Street, Philadelphia, 19, Pennsylvania.

SPRING TOP By Glen Cox.

Brown begins to fade from Winter's coat--
 The gray slowly leaves the trees,
 And the sun makes its song for the day--
 Now everyone agrees!

WE PRESENT-- Excerpts from THE POINTING FINGER, Newark Daily Convention paper.

ANNUAL CONVENTION FRAUD REVEALED Before hearing the results of the election, the "Finger" accuses the Proxy Committee, headed by That Philadelphia Politician, Ex-President Segal, all outgoing officers, all incoming officers, all conventioners, and all children of conventioners, of allowing intoxicated beverages and pink tea to be sold by the Robert Treat Bar within 100 feet of the balloting places.

RUSTY LINKED WITH ELECTION SHENNANNIGANS Reliable sources report that Rusty Weixelbaum, who proposed at the first session that all members, regardless of activity, be allowed to vote, has some fifty relatives living in the suburbs of Newark waiting to attend the convention on election day.

The following telegram was sent to the president:

HARRY S. TRUMAN, WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

DEAR HARRY:-

DESPITE THE \$49.50 RAISE IN DUES NOW BEING CHARGED BY SECRETARY ERFORO OF THE UAPAA, THE NAPA WILL HOLD THE LINE DESPITE THE REMOVAL OF OPA CONTROLS.

WHO PUT THE BENZEDRENE IN TILLY HAYWOOD'S OVALTINE?

Rumor has it that Helm and J. Ray Spink are not related, despite strong denials from both sides...What will Cole do now that the Constitution is so perfect that there is little left for him to revise...We understand that some of the tea for Hazel had foam on it at the tea the ladies gave for her...What is this we hear about Helen entertaining six men up in her room yesterday? (That was us.)

EMISSARY FROM CRANE, WESSON & COMPANY "I bring greetings from Burton Crane and Sheldon Wesson!" exclaimed the cute (take it from a gal who can pick em) lieutenant-- and all hell broke loose. He'd flown home and the very latest news from Tokyo was the best birthday present Helen received. "Oh, he's just one of us!" gurgled Tilly. "Yeah, one of them, too!"

HELL NO! ON MOITORET AMENDMENT To put it bluntly.

SMIRKS AND SMEARS

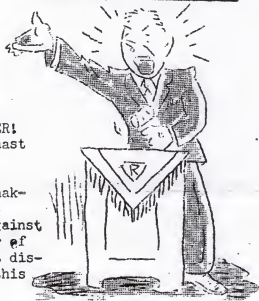
IT'S

COMING!

OCTOBER 1946
VOLUME ONE LAST NUMBER

Yes, folks, it's coming in the next HUGGERMUGGER! You'll be startled, you'll be amazed, you'll be aghast when you read about this new thing next month.

We guarantee that amateur journalism will be shaken to the core, that all the editorial genius a-jays have been saving up for years will be lashed out against HUGGERMUGGER's editor and his co-plotters, a member of the United States Army and another person we cannot disclose the slightest clue as to the identity of at this time.



Watch for the new HUGGERMUGGER. You'll be shocked by its daring, frankness, and, believe it or not, its constructive ideas. The new HUGGERMUGGER has all this, and more! You can't miss it.

Advance copies will be for sale November fifteenth. A price of \$1.46, plus federal, state, county, and local taxes, which raises the total price to \$2.07. The public will receive its copies in the NAPA November bundle. WATCH FOR IT!

BEFORE THE DOCTOR ARRIVED (The following are excerpts from the PETTENGILL News Letter, INSIDE YOUR CONGRESS, June 25, 1946.)

"I see a nation ill-fed, ill-clothed and ill-housed, said the sage of Hyde Park, viewing with alarm. I'll fix it. Leave it to me."

And then he turned his gaze to the great world beyond the seas. "I see a world free from fear and want. It makes me profoundly angry," he said, hitting the White House with a huge fist, "when anyone doubts that we cannot achieve such a world, not in the distant future, but now in our own time and generation."

"Three cheers," shouted the crowd, "four terms!"

"I hate war," said the sage. "Let us go to war and save mankind. The Marshall and I and Winston have learned to work together. We are a great team. We won't make the foolish mistakes the Republicans made after World War I. The United Nations are united. They will remain united. They who doubt are dastards."

"Dastards," echoed the crowd. "Down with the dastards!"

"In our great humanitarian crusade," the sage continued, "We must raise Labor to a place of equality in our industrial councils. Equality, I say. More than no man wants. I know that my good friends, John Lewis, and Cesar Petrillo, Al Whitney and Joe Curran and Harry Bridges and Mike Quill -- good old Mike -- will never abuse the power given them, never. Let us give them power. Power to do good. Power to raise the downtrodden. Power to bless mankind."

Published by Neal R. Peirce, 6733 Emlen Street, Philadelphia 19, Pennsylvania.

'WHERE AMATEUR JOURNALISM NEVER DIES'

A Journal of
Fundamental
Democracy

The Searchlight

A Member of
Lone Indian
Fraternity

Penetration of Dark Places a Specialty

Established 1910

San Francisco, California

Fall Number

COMPENSATION

FRATERNITY

The Lone Indian Fraternity creed says "... aims and purposes are the creation of friendships at home and abroad ..."

Never was there a chance like the present to make of this creed a living reality. Hunger and poverty stalk the nations whose patriots were victimized during the late war. Names of fine and worthy families are available, families in desperate need of all the help and cheer we can give them.

Any group you belong to should be urged to "adopt" a family by sending them regular shipments of 11-pound food parcels. The International Solidarity Committee and many other groups will be glad to furnish names and complete information. If you have no contact with such a group, drop us a postal and we will put you in touch.

Give life to our creed!

CURIOSA WANTED

The Searchlight will pay \$5.00 for a file of the short-lived magazine, "The Barbarian," Seattle, 1913. Single copies also wanted. Write us what you have.

Manuscript Brings \$50,000.00

The original manuscript of Alice in Wonderland recently sold at auction for \$50,000 to the same man who paid \$75,250 for it eighteen years ago.

Contributions Invited

We invite contributions from members of the ajay associations. Make them short and pointed, please. Comments on this issue will be appreciated; criticisms given careful consideration. A question and answer department will be a feature hereafter, so let us have your questions.

If you wish your manuscript returned if found unavailable, be sure to send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Our Numbering

As publication of The Searchlight has been interrupted many times during its life, and at times it has appeared as a section of another paper, we are unable to determine what the number of this issue should be. So we will adopt the policy of making the volume coincide with the year, hence this is Volume MCMXLVI, No. 1. As the year will be about over when this issue is mailed, our next will be Vol. MCMXLVII, No. 1.

By WALTER PANNELL

Former Editor Lone Indian Magazine

YEARS ago, Ralph Waldo Emerson penned a memorable essay that established his reputation as America's first great philosopher. The title of that essay—which is one of America's great philosophic classics—consists of the one word, "Compensation." It occurs to me that this one word constitutes an adequate yardstick of the value of democracy to the people and of the people to democracy. Most of us are realists, in the sense that we do not work long

for nothing—we want our "pay," our compensation.

An insurance executive once said to me, on being questioned as to the value of a certain type of insurance: "Any insurance plan is only valuable for what it assures, and when you buy insurance you only get what you pay for. If you want a broad plan of protection, you must pay a broad price." Since then I have discovered that this advice applies also to the individual's participation in a democratic government. The people can take out only in direct proportion to what they put in. If you are not interested in what happens, if you do not put any of your effort into the preservation of democracy, the benefits you take out will be negligible.

The inevitable law of compensation will determine what you get out of the democratic way of life, and how much it is worth to you. I have noticed that the most consistent boosters of democracy and its institutions are those that are putting their best into it. The way to derive compensation from what your fathers and you have invested in democracy is to put something more in it than your good will and passive acceptance, to become actively identified with some of the many forces which are making sure that democracy will continue.

Important among such forces are those movements which not only aim at preserving democracy as a political institution, but at broadening it to include industrial democracy as well.

The "believer" in our democratic processes who thus demonstrates his belief will be surprised at the increase in value that democracy will bring to him, to the organization to which he belongs, and to society as a whole.

The Searchlight Presents THE POOR FISH



The Poor Fish says that progress is alright, only it's gotta stop somewhere.

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JAN. 1946 FAPA/VAPA

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SPECTRA

Vol. 2

September 1947

No. 1

Unspoken Words

Silent words within me lie—
My lips, they dare not speak
Of time, which seemed eternal
In just one passing week.

I wonder why my darling
It's so difficult to show
How much I really love you—
But I guess perhaps you know?

The words need not be spoken
For we know instinctively
So firm the bond between us
Is, you are as part of me!

Jeanne Laurette Sullivan



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#373

5
25

Southern Californian

Strictly Political

Spring of 1947

"Publishing Is Not Important" Says Willametta — and Sesta Agrees

It may be somewhat of a shock to some members of the N.A.P.A. to learn the reported views of one of the candidates for prexy and held by an ex-prexy. The majority of N. A. P. A. members have had the wrong slant for 70 years, according to these two savants, and it must be our constitution is wrong, too, for in several places it gives one the impression that *Publishing* is the objective of our organization. That is the belief of our other candidate, Alf Babcock. He says:

"Publishing IS important. I have always said so and if elected I shall try to further it."

So, my fellow members, this year's prexy election is not a simple choice between two members who have each served the N.A.P.A. No, it is a choice between a member who has published barely enough to keep eligible to vote who maintains publishing is rather *unimportant* — versus the amateur printer who has printed most in the past year or in the past five years.

Is Publishing Important?

FEB 17 1947

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Stefantasy

THE MAGAZINE OF SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

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Volume 3, Number 1

January, 1947



VANGUARD AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

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End

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FEB 17 1947

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Stefantasy

THE MAGAZINE OF SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

Volume 3, Number 1

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January, 1947



VANGUARD AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

MAY 20 1947

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STEFAN-TODDY

The FAN-TODS Issue of STEFANTASY

Volume III, Number 2

May, 1947

X-PN 4827

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PLANETODDY

See page 25.

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STEFAN-TODDY

The FAN-TODS Issue of STEFANTASY

Volume III, Number 2

May, 1947



OCT 13 1947

4827 OCT 13 1947

1375

STEFUMBLERS

The *Tumbrels* Issue of **STEFANTASY**

Volume 3, Number 3

September, 1947

Published and printed for the Vanguard Amateur Press Association by William M. Danner at 720 Rockwood Avenue, Pittsburgh 16, Pennsylvania. If this issue contains any news it might possibly be hot news if the mailing gets out this year.

Rec 13.4.47
(Columbus)

1493

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—Encyclopedia Americana

Now look at
the
damn place.

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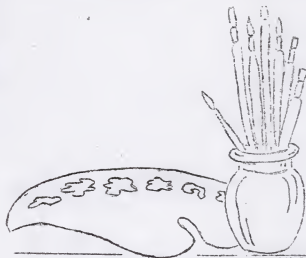
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1947



SPLASH

#381

MAY 1947

Here's How —

Several requests have been received asking us to give the process of mimeographing our papers. To put in writing the numerous steps involved from the writing of the copy to the finished journal is not an easy task for us. We'd much rather help anyone interested by actual demonstration. However, since this is not possible, we will do our best and hope that the following will be of some help to fellow mimeographers.

As with a printed journal, a dummy layout is important. This should be prepared before the copy is written. In planning this layout, one should remember that the drum on the average mimeograph machine allows for only ten inches of print space. Also because exact registry is almost an impossibility, sufficient margins should be allowed on top and bottom.

Once the layout is planned and copy prepared, it is well to type the material just the way it is to appear before cutting the stencil. To obtain even margins on the right side, half spacing is used. If, say, a 65 space line is being used, type the lines from 63 to 67 spaces as the words determine. At the end of the line mark the number of spaces less than or more than 65. This facilitates and speeds cutting of stencil. To half space, back space one and one-half spaces, typing the letter desired while holding the half space with the backspace key. A little practice will determine just how your particular typewriter half spaces.

In cutting the stencil, first be sure the surface of the typewriter is clean; second, type with a firm touch. In my opinion, these two things are the

most important points. Of course, keep corrections to a minimum, but when correction fluid is used, neatness is essential.

With practice, stylus work will become as easy as typing. Here, again, a firm stroke is needed but care is necessary so that the stencil is not torn. The use of letter guides makes attractive titles a simple task.

In regard to running stencils, we shall explain only our color process. There are two ways of doing color work. One involves the cutting of stencil and running the sheet through the machine for each color. This was done in *TRAIL BLAZER* found in this Bundle. In doing this process, care must be taken that each stencil is cut to the fraction of the inch so that when stencils are laid on top of each other, the color work will match.

The other process is the way this issue is being done. Only one stencil is cut. The color arrangement is done on the ink pad. Just put the different colors of ink on the pad in the shape and place desired. The ink is mixed only slightly. In this process, a new ink pad must be used when a new arrangement is desired.

A Journal of
Fundamental
Democracy



A Member of
Lone Indian
Fraternity

May-June, 1947

NO MAN is truly alive who is not relating himself toward some of the living movements of his day. —Robert Whitaker

—Robert Whitaker

Founding the Lone Scouts

THE ENTHUSIASM of youth is a thing hard to understand. Once aroused, it is a force that will bridge oceans and move mountains, but how to arouse it is one of the hardest secrets in the world to learn. W. D. Boyce must have known the boy mind thoroughly, for he formed the Lone Scout organization in such a manner that boydom's enthusiasm for it came immediately. The heart of boydom responded to Lone Scouting and the heart of boydom, when properly appealed to, is the world's greatest motive force for good.

The formulation of the Lone Scout degrees was one of the first steps in the perfection of the Lone Scout system. A single degree was presented at first. As soon as its tests had all appeared in *Lone Scout* it was followed by another, and yet another. As finally completed, the degree library contained seven degrees, the first three of which composed the stages of advancement of the Tepee Lodge, the next three the Totem Pole Lodge, and the final degree the Sagamore Lodge. Each

(Continued on Page 10)

Blueprint for A Neat Cheat

By WILLAMETTA TURNEPSEED
Former President National Amateur Press
Association

AMATEUR JOURNALISM is considered the last real expression of the Free Press, so it is surprising that it is not more often used by journals of social significance.

A writer once remarked that with all the protests you read about magazines requiring articles to be slanted to appeasement of capitalism, or avoiding subjects as "too hot to handle" it was surprising that when we have the facilities to offer our ideas and suggestions to an audience we instead fill our papers with small talk and comment on other papers which are filled with small talk.

As a representative American who has decided opinions on many of the problems of the day, I have tried to analyze why I, myself, have not expressed them in our journals.

My files contain notes for many editorials, as well as several completed (but now obsolete) discussions on matters that concern us all. I have a paper, and am my own editor, I could have printed them. Why didn't I?

Perhaps for the same reason that the editor of *American* doesn't fill
(Continued from Page 7)

Co-operative Farm Project

THE EDITOR of THE SEARCHLIGHT, after spending several years in Llano Co-operative Colony and other such groups, started on a tour of inspection of experimental co-operatives in the mid-west and eastern states, in the mid-Thirties.

The Saline Valley Farms, a 600-acre, four-year-old cooperative in Michigan, was the first visited, in April of 1936. This project had originated with the purchase of a farm which had been taken over for a defaulted mortgage, the very sort of personal tragedy which cooperation seeks to eradicate.

When we visited it, the extremely attractive looking farm supported fourteen resident families totaling 53 persons, paying a minimum \$65 monthly wage to its ^{English} employees.

A general appearance of well-being characterized the place, gardens were well kept and orderly, stores almost like doll houses, and dairy barns spotless.

On the occasion of my visit a picnic was held, with many of the progressive townspeople from nearby Ann Arbor attending; I made many good friends and found it difficult to keep on with my traveling. While there H. S. Gray, president of the

(Continued on Page 12)

A Journal of
Fundamental
Democracy



A Member of
Lone Indian
Fraternity

Established 1910

San Francisco, California

July-August, 1947

INDIAN REVELATIONS

Chief Thundercloud, "Tonto" is Restrictive Covenant Victim

"AN INDIAN never took a scalp until a Puritan came to this country and taught him how to do it."

This was the amazing opinion of Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton, famed naturalist and student of Indian lore, as quoted in the press recently.

The occasion was a meeting in Burbank, California, called to deal with issues raised by threats of Burbank property owners to enforce a restrictive covenant against Chief Thundercloud, better known as "Tonto" on the Lone Ranger radio program.

Mrs. Seton is the widow of the late Ernest Thompson Seton, whose death occurred in the San Francisco bay area recently, bringing sorrow to tens of thousands of former scouts. Hundreds of *Searchlight* readers who are members of the Lone Indian Fraternity will remember Seton as the founder of the Woodcraft Indians, 1902, and chief scout of the BSA 1910-15.

Mrs. Seton is an authority on Indian life in the United States in her own right.

At the Burbank meeting Mrs. Seton related the historic ground of this minority group and the treatment they have received, and called the present restrictive practices being used against the Indians attempting to purchase homes in certain communities one more form of injustice in the tragic sequence of abuse.

"We had to be told in our school days all these horrible things about Indians in order to justify the things

we did to them," she believes. After years of living among these people, she is reported as having a great deal of proof that this is true.

The American world is at a special kind of crossroads pleading for the rest of humanity to mend its ways and make peace offerings, but it had better look first to its past and present practices so filled with distortions of democracy, before it expects too much, she said.

Mrs. Seton wove a convincing picture of the deep honesty of the Indian's philosophy, living habits, and religious beliefs, which she stressed were almost parallel to the Christian concept, though expressed far more simply.

She condemned those missionary groups who tried vainly to force their interpretations and forms of outward worship upon the Indians, whom they chose to consider completely pagan. She gave many examples of the beauty of the Indian faith as a creed for living with their fellow man.

She told briefly of an elderly Indian who, when confronted by a scolding missionary who had found him working on the Lord's Day,

replied slowly that he perceived that the missionary's God came only Sunday, and that he thought the Red Man's Great Spirit was better since He was with him all the time.

"The culture of the American Indian was fundamentally spiritual. His one basic thought was how much service have I been able to render to my people," said Mrs. Seton. "One of the Indian's creeds, practiced even today, is 'Be kind, be hospitable. Always assume your guest is tired and hungry. Do not trouble your guest with many questions about himself. He will tell you what he wishes you to know.'"

In vivid words she recited the death song of an old Indian who requested anonymity since the death song comprises the individual's life creed secretly composed and kept until he is dying. This, among many other little known facts, is included in her latest book, a copy of which was in the hands of her personal friend, the late President Roosevelt, and from which he at times quoted.

The San Fernando Valley Council of Race Relations sponsored the meeting at which Mrs. Seton spoke, and it adopted a resolution saying in part:

"It is our purpose to eventually rid all Burbank of these nefarious restrictions, so that it can be said of Burbank that there is at least a city where a man has the right to buy and occupy the home he desires and live among his friends in peace without restrictions because of his race or the color of his skin."

WASTE

Unplanted seeds, uncared for soil,
Neglected vines and wasteful toil.
But the greatest griefs that Man enfold,
Are creative thoughts—untold!

—Daniel Gordon, UAPA

WHERE AMATEUR JOURNALISM NEVER DIES

A Journal of
Fundamental
Democracy

The Searchlight

Penetration of Dark Places a Specialty

A Member of
Lone Indian
Fraternity

Established 1910

San Francisco, California

Winter Number

Ballot Law Revision Is Needed

The Searchlight is a journal of fundamental democracy. We believe in the improvement and perfection of our system of political democracy, and its extension into the field of economics—industrial democracy.

First-things-first would seem to dictate that we do everything possible to make needed social changes realizable through the medium of the ballot.

Theoretically, we have just that. Prior to the recent elections the press of the nation was filled with columns of editorials on the great privilege we enjoy as voters, and emphasizing our DUTY to exercise our RIGHTS at the ballot box, choosing OUR public servants and policies.

Actually, there was little opportunity to register dissent from the basic policies enunciated by the machine-leadership of the major parties.

The Republican landslide did not mean that a majority of the people had suddenly become Republicans. They had simply become tired of the Democrats and felt they could record a protest only by voting Republican.

Never has a campaign made clearer the real shortcoming of the two-party monopoly on American politics. The party of the "outs" serves as a safety valve for the discontent against the party of the "ins." As one of our exchangers put it, "voters are trapped like squirrels in a revolving cage, endlessly treading a circle going nowhere."

Meanwhile, election laws and court decisions in the states have made it harder and harder for minority parties to get or maintain a place on the ballot.

Let us look at two examples, one on each coast.

In California a Republican captured both major party nominations in the primaries, and only the Prohibition party offered opposition in the finals. All the other minority parties were barred by the severe requirements of the law. Two of these parties had polled around 100,000 votes for their candidates in past elections. Even the Progressive party, last outpost of the Theodore Roosevelt-Hiram Johnson era, had been liquidated because of inability to meet legal requirements.

The tens of thousands of citizens who have previously voted Progressive, Townsend, Liberty, Socialist, etc., etc., had no way of expressing their conviction.

(Continued on back page)

C R E D O

The fundamental principles espoused by this paper are inherent in these axioms or truisms:

Let those who produce, possess.

Let those who possess, produce.

Let all produce, in order that all may possess.

Let no man monopolize possession, lest he monopolize production.

Production and possession should be inseparable in society as they are in reason and in right. Let no nation divorce possession from production; for what God and nature have joined together let no political or economic society put asunder.

SOUTHERN PINES

Pine trees growing on the shore
Make changing patterns 'gainst the sky.

Clear-cut frescoed patterns, changing

Every time a breeze skips by.

Slim and brown and green the needles,

Clustered into softest outline—

Waving pom-poms in the breeze—

Glinting in the summer sunshine.

Every dagger point of light

Throws to gold the green and brown,

While the breeze takes keen delight

Shaking darts of sunshine down!

—Frances J. Rice.

OUR EXCHANGES

Our first "exchange" was Mineral Notes and News, of Bakersfield. Our thanks! Also to the following, who acknowledged exchange copies immediately with their own:

The Technocrat, Different Magazine, The People's Voice, Healey's Contest Bulletin, The Cryptic, Wildfire, Georgia Nicholas Literary Agency, Lady Guide, Utah Labor News, Continental Congress News, Boise Valley Herald, Simplified Economics, Candor Magazine.

Trade Winds, The Emancipator, Reading Advocate, Sunflower.

A Useless Organ In Production

A. Chervence, of Chicago, writes: "To throw rocks (real or verbal) at capitalism is childish—very. The slightest reflection should advise us that people cannot be employed Unless There Is Someone To Employ Them. That which employs labor is Capital. If Capital did not employ labor and spent itself in other ways, it would not exist very long.

"Capital needs Labor and Labor needs Capital for their Mutual Preservation. Civilization would cease if there were no Capital because civilization is another name for society with a Surplus."

Friend Chervence fails to distinguish between capital and capitalists. Laborers could not get along without capital, but they could do very nicely without the capitalists.

If all the capitalists should take it into their heads to emigrate—anywhere—industry would not be greatly disturbed, for in fact, the directing function once performed by the capitalists has been transferred to hired employees.

By capitalist we mean one who possesses wealth which brings income without personal exertion. The capitalist today is purely a useless organ in production. We find in all nature that as soon as an organ is redundant it is eliminated. The capitalist must pay the penalty eventually that nature has imposed upon all useless functionaries.

We bear no antagonism to capitalists as individuals, and have no objection to their becoming useful members of society.

The antagonism between the capitalist and the laborer is due to the contradiction between the social production and capitalist appropriation.

The instruments, methods and products of production are now social, but the form of appropriation remains the same as in the days of SMALL PRODUCTION, when the laborer owned his own tools, and consequently his product.

The present social instruments of production are incompatible with the old methods of appropriation.

Social production with individual appropriation means individual appropriation of the products of social labor.

Private property in the instruments of production is becoming every day more and more incongruous with the

(Continued on back page)

THE SEARCH LIGHT

Macedonia Cooperative Community

SEVEN miles from Clarksville, Georgia, off the paved highway, up a long dirt road, is the Macedonia Cooperative Community. Here, in a neighborhood of poor farmers, and experiment in free, responsible living is beginning to blossom despite extremely unfavorable circumstances.

On these 1100 acres emphasis is on an integrated, cooperative life. The people are, on the average, in their late twenties, coming from various parts of the country, and have wide variety of backgrounds. With one or two exceptions, they are temperamentally adjusted to living on the land and working with each other.

Perhaps life at Macedonia can best be suggested by outlining a typical day:

Waking time is usually about six in the "main house" where the bachelors and visitors usually stay. After breakfast, a hearty one consisting of cereal and eggs and plenty of milk, people assemble in front of the dairy for the daily work meeting. Here news of the community and the world (via radio) is given, and the work of the day discussed. There is a coordinator whose job, in addition to a full share of manual work, is to keep an eye on details and correspondence. Specialization is a principle of the community ex-

cept for special tasks that can best be done jointly. Two men are in charge of the dairy, which has some 30 milking cows; one in charge of the cooperative store; another in the woodshop, and another does repair work. New tasks are discussed at the morning meeting.

However, the work isn't assigned, it develops naturally out of the problems of the community. If fencing has to be done, the number required offer to do the job, and the same goes for other tasks.

Perhaps that day as a visitor offering to pitch in, you might work in the woodshop where the community has devised an unusually set
(Continued on Page 8)

AJAY EXHIBIT

An exhibit of amateur publications of the past and present will feature the January meeting of the Jack London Club at the San Francisco public library, Saturday evening, January 10, at 8 o'clock.

The exhibit will be on display for some time preceding the meeting, and friends of ajay within reach of the Bay Area should drop in and see it.

Those desiring information, and members who would like to dine together at a nearby cafe, preceding the meeting, call Secretary A. O. McLaughlin for information, 776 17th Street, Oakland, Highgate 4-8075. San Franciscans may call Mervin Leeds, 2127 Broderick, Fillmore 6-6672.

Indian Rights Campaign

THE Indians of California were promised, in their treaty with the white man, \$1.25 an acre for the lands of California. This would amount to approximately ninety-three million dollars. From this treaty, we learn from the Kalamath River Conservation Club, the Indians have realized little.

The treaty was completely ignored by both the Indian and the white man until a couple of decades ago when F. J. Collett, a one-time preacher and attorney, came across the treaty in a library.

Collett rallied the Indians to a legal fight; each was assessed \$36 and since then has had to donate much more. Other attorneys were hired and if the issue is not settled soon there won't be much left for the Indians if they do win.

According to the 1927 census there were 27,000 Indians in the state of California, and much has been made of their inability to agree on what they want. It is difficult to get any group of around 20,000 to agree on all points, but the fact remains they were promised \$1.25 an acre; on this they do agree.

The Indian is a ward of the government and as such does not enjoy the same freedom as the white man. There are reservations where he can live "rent free" but otherwise has to make his own living and these reservations are usually located in areas where there are not many
(Continued on Page 7)

29-A Parker Avenue, San Francisco 18, Calif.

Sugar and Spice

No. 5

May 16, 1948

#386

With the Segals journeying from Philly to visit us, we wouldn't have thought of doing anything in the printing line this weekend, except that the rain forced us from our picnic terrace to the cellar playroom---which is adjoining the pressroom. Quite a temptation, so here we are with a fifth *Sugar and Spice*.

X-PM

X-PN 4827

#387

STICK IN HAND

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF
N. A. P. A. BY BURTON R. WADSWORTH
WAREHOUSE POINT, CONNECTICUT
JUNE 5, 1948

HOBBY TROLLEYS AT

WAREHOUSE POINT

Hobbies are always interesting and it is difficult to foresee what direction they will sometimes take. Preparing for the day when trolleys will have disappeared from the streets of America's cities is a group which is establishing in Warehouse Point a trolley car museum. Known as the Connecticut Valley Chapter of the National Railway Historical Society the group has already two cars here and this summer is expected to see the arrival of several open cars from New Haven.

Before the war a stretch of about three miles of right of way of the Hartford & Springfield St. Railway was purchased. Work on restoring

SOUR NOTES

JUNE, 1948

GRACEFUL BICKERINGS

CHARLIE HEINS, the old political boss with umpteen years of experience, is up to his old tricks. He stuffed the campaign committee full of names. I haven't seen Heins since September of 1947 and yet my name appeared on the campaign committee for C.A. Shattuck.

In my opinion, the only logical candidate for the NAPA presidency is Vondy. If the tardy Mr. Shattuck is elected, it will be by a machine set up by an old time politico for whom he will be a "yes-man".

Looking over the latest NAPA bundles, I find a lot of sloppy mimeographing. It

A Small Croppe of
Graphic Bits ▲ ▲
In Appreciation of a
High Wealth in ▲ ▲
GOLDEN HOURS

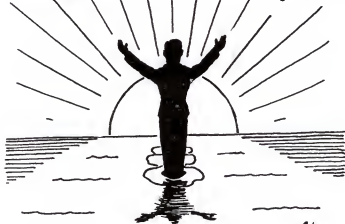


MAYHEW PRESS

X-PN 4827

THE STEPPING STONE

THE
NATIONAL AMATEUR
PRESS ASSN.



MARCH, 1948

Baker

98 1927 #391

THE STEPPING STONE

Edwin C. Harler, Jr.,
Vice-President



3021 N. Warnock St.,
Philadelphia 33, Pa.

Vol. 2

July, 1948

No. 2

Introducing . . .

... Otto J. Feucht, Jr., (3939 Washington Blvd., Indianapolis 5, Indiana) is on the staff of the *Shortridge Daily Echo*, "one of three high school dailies in the nation, and the oldest known paper of its kind in the world. It celebrated its 50th anniversary this year." The true story submitted by Otto will be entered for the Moss award.

BACK LIGHTS

In a medium-sized Ohio metropolis lived a man, his family, and his two dogs. Every night before retiring he would let them play with each other for about fifteen minutes.

In the back yard, where the dogs exercised, were a number of flood lights, which illuminated the entire yard. The man switched on these lights each night. Sometimes he strolled about the yard so he could be refreshed by the cool night air.

After a few months of this procedure, he became aware of an airplane which flew over his house each night. This plane, he reasoned, was a passenger plane on route to his city from Cleveland.

One night, as he was watching the progress of the plane

SOUTHERN #392

X-PN 4827



CALIFORNIAN

Official Organ of the
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AMATEUR PRESS CLUB

X-PM 482

#323

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIAN



73rd National Amateur Press Association
Convention Number
Vol. 2, No. 2
August 1948

Scribblers' Journal

Number One

Summer 1948

And More

It takes all kinds of things, you know
To make a dream come true—
Tolerance of others' views
And thoughtfulness from you.

It takes a lot of giving-in—
No selfishness nor greed—
A helping hand, and kindly heart
Are *musts* that you will need.

It takes a heap of understanding
For the little woes of living—
To share your life with someone
And find *your* joy in giving.

It takes a life of sacrifice
And Grace from God above;
But having these, you will find
That you can share true love.

Jeanne Laurette, Sullivan

X-PN 427

This is



S o B₂

#395



"We Pwint Wepwints."

Volume 1, Number 2



Quarter to October, 1948

Published and printed for the hell of it and for the Vanguard and National Amateur Press Associations by William M. Danner, at 720 Rockwood Avenue, Pittsburgh 16, Pennsylvania.

Jurisdictional Strikes

By EDWIN H. STUART in *Typo Graphic*

THE EDITOR of this magazine is today, and has been for lo, these many years, a member in good standing of the Typographical Union. We have to be a member, so we may make up this magazine Sunday in our own plant. As far as we can remember, in all these years neither the typographers, pressmen or bookbinders have ever engaged in a jurisdictional strike.

We are glad, because in our humble opinion, a jurisdictional strike causes monetary loss, irritation and annoyance to innocent parties. It is just as bad as two parents quarreling while the innocent children are bewildered because mama and papa don't love each other any more. The children are the pitiful victims.

Let's set up a hypothetical case. It may seem far-fetched, but it isn't. We'll put it in a little Two-act Play.

* * *

Dramatis Personae

Chuck Wise, the swellest guy who ever had anything to do with the

wholesale paper business.

Edwin H. Stuart. Write your own ticket.

Ross Blair, president of Smith Brothers Printing Company.

Tom Butler, president of Herbeck & Held Printing Company.

Francis Roney, president of The Colonial Press.

Bob Caffee, president of William G. Johnston Company.

Julius Schmidt, president of Eddy Press Corporation.

All of these men are of unquestioned integrity and stand high in the community.

Paper wholesalers, paper cutters, truck drivers, errand boys, compositors, pressmen, bindery operators and customers of the firms mentioned above.

ACT ONE

Chuck Wise meets Ed Stuart on the street.

Chuck: "Hey, you, understand you belong to the Ancient Order of Camels. It's a lousy lodge and I want you

THE SEATTLE AMATEUR

Summer 1948

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Vol. 45; No. 3

Little Miss "Why"

By Roy Hastings

SMALL CATHY is five years old, I think, and is so used to wondering about everything that her stock phrase is "why?" She really wants to know about everything she sees in this marvelous age and so she just begins any conversation with that one word. At first I was rather at a loss to know how to answer her query, and so I tried that subterfuge of "answering an embarrassing question with another one." Like this—I would open the door (if I happened to be near when her timid little knock sounded) and politely and seriously tip my hat, if I had one on, bow if I did not, and say something like "Good morning lady." She would nod slightly and seem a bit embarrassed herself, what she had come for was to visit with the small son of the people on my own floor, then she would say, brightly, "Where you going?" "Down town" I would say. Again that same "Why?" As I said before I, at first, tried the counter-question—"Why not?" Now I try something less parrot like and tell her what I am really intending doing. Now we get along famously and I have been wondering if I have not succeeded in interesting her in myself—hardly a fair way to take

True Poetry

By Joe Dexter

THE TRUE POET has no need of books. Do not misunderstand me. In many books he finds true friends but poetry is not in books, it is life itself.

The true poet lives his poetry. His written verse is merely his everflee.

The best poetry is not written; it is lived and the best written poetry is often prose.

A poet's best poetry is never written. He keeps it buried in his heart and never reveals it even to his best friends, (if a poet has any friends.)

Poetry is silent music. Music speaks to the ear; poetry speaks to the heart.

The poet is an interpreter. He talks with Nature in her own language and then tries to translate the message. But a translation never retains the beauty of the original. There are many things that he can not express in the written language of the world. So there is always something lacking in a real poem. It may often seem to him that he is translating from a living language to a dead one.

"Heard 'music is sweet but that unheard is sweeter."—Keats.

Heard music has a (To Page 2)

THE SEATTLE AMATEUR

8

Fall 1948

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Vol. 45, No. 4

THE FURTHER evolution of mind is impossible in any

REALITY

BY EDWIN BLAKE WHITING

mind unable to doubt. As long as minds are capable of doubting something, then the process of mental evolution can go forward toward perfection. A doubt is a glimmer of human intelligence. Never fear any honest doubt. Treasure it as possible upward step in evolution.

One can get some clarification of thought on evolution in relation to both science and religion from the book "Human Destiny" by Le-comte du Mouy. The theme of the book is that the transient individual life is not an unrelated episode, without meaning, purpose, aim or value. Life is not a "Joke on humanity." It is a job for humanity, a job of improving society to a point where men are individuals free to go where they like on the earth and to think what they like and express that thought freely.

Religion is awe, theology can be awful. Good is anything which helps along the urge which underlies the evolutionary process aiming at the perfection of the human race. Evil is anything which hinders such evolution. Study, practice, hope and faith, research and belief may have a deeper foundation than the various magic cults or "outfits" who sell salvation at a profit to

themselves. Life is not merely a cruel joke. It is a hard

job, work to do to hasten the end result of evolution, the perfect man.

The best minds lean toward the possibility of a future life or immortality. If there should prove to be no such immortality, then the refusal of the Cosmos to grant our desire for a future life can hardly be called a jest or a joke on the part of the Cosmos. Any such hideous jest must be attributed to those who sell a questionable hope to other minds unable to face reality without such mental crutches.

Away with all crutches. We must all stand on our own mental feet and assert our right as individuals to do our own thinking and even to receive our own revelation. Why oh why should there ever be any sense of despair? Why any utter futility? Why can we not trust the Cosmos? If we are willing to face reality it soon ceases to be a mirage-filled waste. If we do our best to improve this earthly life, the future life is not in any way our responsibility.

It is a question whether the good done by the "conventional" religions all down the centuries has balanced the harm which the clergy's greed for power over other minds has done humanity. The

THE SEATTLE AMATEUR

Winter 1948

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Vol. 45, No. 5

CANCELLATION DODGING

In sending out a letter with choice stamps on it, many even advanced collectors will stick the stamp or stamps right on the edge of the cover or envelope. Because the stamps are so near the edge of the envelope they arrive all torn or chewed up along that upper edge. It sets one's teeth on edge.

Stamps right on the edge of the cover indicate the power of habit and suggestion added to a lack of thought and imagination. Or it may be the address written before the stamp is stuck on has crowded the stamp up against the upper edge. A new suggestion is needed. Get the stamps away from the edges of the envelope and about three fourths of the stamp's length safely out of range of the cancelling machine. The wise Philatelist sticks his stamps carefully in the right place on the cover and then adds the name and address afterwards.

Where the Post Office uses a hand-stamp, the only way is to ask the clerk for a light cancellation. Where the P.O. uses a machine cancellation, one can dodge a heavy cancellation by placing the stamp or stamps on the envelope so that the cancelling machine will make ink lines on only one end or even on only one corner of the stamp.

Before you can place the stamp accurately and intelligently you need to know where the machine cancellation is going to come in relation to the top edge of the envelope. One can ask the P. O. to cancel an empty envelope or you can ask a friend to return to you a cover you have sent out. Using this cancellation as a measuring guide, you can see where to place the stamp to get the minimum cancellation. With the large commemorative this means a vertical position for the long axis of the stamp. Stick the stamps on first and then address the envelope.

One can find out by experiment how far a stamp can retreat from the cancellation. If you get the stamp too far away, the office will use a hand stamp and ruin the stamp. Different post offices have different "tolerances" for unusually placed stamps. Learn the tolerance of your own post office, and thus get the minimum cancellation.

—EDWIN BLAKE WHITING.

The Soul of Amateur Journalism

Awile ago the publisher of one of our amateur journals asked the question, "Is Amateur Journalism functioning at its maximum of efficiency?" That is a problem for all of us to carefully consider. A great deal depends on the quality of our

X-PN 4827

Spotter's Weekly Almanac

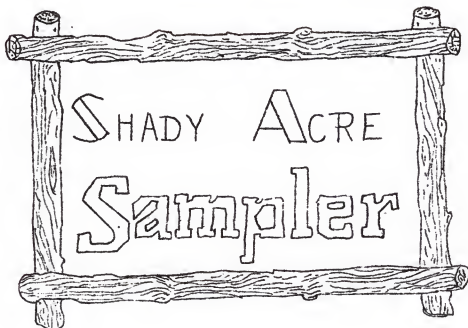
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Volume 3 No.1

April, 1948



Top - 1000 ft
Bottom - 1000 ft
Middle - 1000 ft
Bottom - 1000 ft



THE DIFFERENCE

Houses are built by masons,
Experts in skill and art,
But homes are built by persons
Who give to the house their heart;
A house springeth up from under
But a home cometh down from above;
A house can be built of lumber
But a home must be built of love.

—Rev. W. J. Griffith—

X-PN 4827

AL 11

The Stripling

35-1948

copy



January 1948

X-PN 4827

402

The Stripling



Spring 1948

Going Up; Coming Down

By O. M. THOMASON
Written for The Searchlight

WHAT is that persistently increasing thumping, rising from a distant rumble to a present roar, we hear on the contemporary stairway of history?

It is the hobnailed boots of the future going up.

What is that cat-like tread, that scampering as though being chased by a bulldog, we hear on the descending stairway of the present coming down?

It's the satin slippers of the past.

True, the going up and coming down was in process back when Moses said "Let my people go." It was in process, had been in process and was going to be in process again, when Voltaire penned the line of which the foregoing is a paraphrase.

History, on the whole, moves slowly but with persistence. At times, however, it surges forward like a river of hot lava. This is one of those times.

True, there have been times when the thudding of the hobnailed brogans died down, such as when the pressure was relieved by the exodus of the oppressed of free lands. But even then there always followed the

(Continued on Page 12)

"WHERE AMATEUR JOURNALISM NEVER DIES"



Serial No. 7

San Francisco, California

Jan.-Feb., 1948

1948

Federated Co-operation Suggested

(Searchlight Detroit Bureau)

WHEN the daily papers carried the story that the Briggs Auto local was going into the grocery business as a defensive measure against high prices, there was considerable comment from union members in the "headquarters."

Frank Marquart, an educational director, listened in to these conversations and reported the following, in the columns of "Voice of 212":

"It's a self-help scheme," said an afternoon shift worker from the Mack plant. "When people find that things are too bad they just naturally get the idea of doing something themselves. Someday they'll solve

their whole economic problems that way."

I asked him what he meant by that.

"I mean just what I said," he answered, lighting a cigaret. "You remember what happened during the depression. Things got so bad that the men in the shops couldn't stand it any more so they helped themselves by getting together and forming a union."

"Organizing the union to improve working conditions was one kind of a self-help. Today we buy groceries and sell them at wholesale prices to the membership. That's another kind of self-help."

"The workers are going to go much further than just organizing unions and buying groceries and building coops. They'll get sick and tired of seeing wages, prices and profits getting out of balance, and throwing them out of their jobs during depressions. They'll say nuts on this screwy setup, and they will start producing and distributing goods and services in the way people need them."

"The factories will be run by the working people themselves, each plant by the men and women who operate the machines and assemble the parts. In order to co-ordinate and plan production, the factories in a whole industry will be organized on a national scale. And in order to bring the best cooperation and harmony between the different industries, they will be co-ordinated into a federation."

"But how about the distribution of goods?" I asked him.

(Continued on Page 8)

Co-operative Code

"CO-OPERATION means concert for the diffusion of wealth. It leaves nobody out who helps to produce it. It seeks no plunder, causes no disturbance, gives no trouble to statesmen. It enters into no secret associations; it contemplates no violence; it subverts no order; it loses no dignity. It keeps no terms with the idle, and it will break no faith with the industrious. It is neither mendicant, servile, nor offensive; it has its hand in no man's pocket, and does not mean that any hand shall remain long or comfortably in its own. It means self-help, self-dependence, and such share of the common competence as labor shall earn or thought can win. And this it intends to have, but by means which shall leave every other person an equal chance of the same good."

“WHERE AMATEUR JOURNALISM NEVER DIES”

A Journal of
Fundamental
Democracy



A Member of
Jack London
A.P.C.

Serial No. 9

29-A Parker Avenue :: San Francisco, Calif.

May-June, 1948

The First Landlord Time Proved Aristotle Wrong

By MISTER DIRT FARMER

And dedicated to the many "dirt farmers" who
read *The Searchlight*

IN THE HEY-DAY OF MANKIND, Adam went forth and gathered the fruits of the forest, unmolested by the trust or bothered with politics. Nature supplied his wants, and while there was much more than Adam could use, the cry of "overproduction" found no echo in the land.

Adam got tired of roaming from place to place and he discovered that it was much more convenient to cultivate fields and harvest the ripened grain.

Other men imitated his example and thus husbandry was established as a regular vocation of mankind.

Adam, while resting in the shade of the Forbidden Tree, communed with the serpent Covetess, who slyly put a bug in his ear.

"Adam, you are foolish to wear your life away by working in the fields. A small portion of the crop of each of your neighbors would enable you to live in idleness and luxury."

This seemed easy, and Adam consulted his neighbors in regard to the matter.

"Go to," replied they, "you are strong and as able as we to work. Till your own fields."

Adam returned to the tree much troubled in mind at the perverseness of mankind.

The serpent was there and again whispered in his ear, at the same time giving him a playful dig in the ribless region.

With this inspiration he got up and hastily donned his best suit of fig leaves. Daubing a hunk of bar's

(Continued on Page 3)

By FREDERICK F. HEATH

Past President, National Amateur Press Association

Editor's Note:—This article was written by one of the earliest presidents of the National Amateur Press Association, which is holding its annual convention on its 72nd anniversary, in Los Angeles. The Searchlight dedicates the publication of this article to the convention, and extends heartiest greetings.

ARISTOTLE, the Greek philosopher, is quoted to the effect that slavery would disappear when machines could be found to do the work. It would solve the "labor question."

But time sped on, and brought us the machine, and instead of slavery work being at an end, the labor question is with us the greatest of all questions.

Aristotle evidently left out one factor in his calculations—the ownership of the machines. He probably supposed that the machines would belong to those who used them, and hence the product of labor would go to the laborer.

At first this was the case, for when hand tools were invented they were small, and could be owned by the workmen and the resultant product belonged to the worker himself, and he was therefore measurable free and independent.

But hand tools were only the first feeble efforts at machinery. When steam was discovered tools were straightway invented to be run by motive power, tools (machines) that consequently became more and more complicated and call-

(Continued on Page 10)

Important Notice

A CORPORATION has been set up under California law for the development of a cooperative community in Northern California.

A site has been selected and purchased, architectural services engaged, and history will be in the making as the building program gets under way.

The story will unfold from issue to issue in *The Searchlight*, beginning with July number, so don't fail to get each and every issue of this paper.

In next issue: Locale of site, preliminary developments; what YOU can do to have a stake in the future of this program!

A Journal of
Fundamental
Democracy



A Member of
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A.P.C.

5 168

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“WHERE AMATEUR JOURNALISM NEVER DIES”

A Journal of
Fundamental
Democracy



A Member of
Jack London
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Serial No. 10

29-A Parker Avenue :: San Francisco, Calif.

July-August, 1948

Green Gate Ranch Co-op

TWENTY-EIGHT MILES from world famed Shasta dam, stretching across Shasta and Tehama counties, lies the 763-acre "Green Gate Ranch."

This property has been acquired by the "Community Cooperative Development Corporation" as the first step in its colonization program for Northern California.

The ranch is three miles from the town of Cottonwood; nearest large towns are Redding and Red Bluff. The ranch house will accommodate about nine persons, and the usual ranch buildings, barns, tool houses, etc., are ready for use. Sand and gravel for cement blocks is available for building material, and as scattered oak is also available a sawmill is planned.

For the present, a couple on the premises are looking after:

- Cultivation of over 100 acres in barley and oats;
- Fifty acres in clover, under irrigation;
- Grain is being raised on 125 acres;
- Pasture is provided for outside herds.

A level plot of 50 acres or so is ready for cultivation in garden truck, and immediate income-plans include running cattle and hogs, chicken raising on a large scale, and accession of a dairy herd.

The plant is a natural for a summer resort, as it is located in the heart of Nature's Own recreation grounds, with fine hunting and fishing available.

Options are being taken on other properties, as well.

THE SEARCHLIGHT is unable to publish terms of participation in this (Continued on Page 9)

When Johnson Licked Jeffries

By MARVIN SANFORD

IT WAS way back in 1910, the Fourth of July. On that Monday 22,000 customers were on hand for the historic Jeffries-Johnson match at Reno, Nevada. They saw the fall of an idol and the crowning of a new heavyweight champ, a crowning that brought in its wake an upsurge of persecution of the Negro people.

Your editor saw that battle via the telephone route (there was no radio) from the beach at Santa Cruz, California. Perhaps the largest crowd of beach loungers ever gathered there occupied every spare inch of sand around the Casino that day. For the enterprising Casino management had arranged a telephone hookup with Reno and from the bandstand a blow by blow description of the scrap was given. In those pre-radio days the stunt was nothing short of startling.

Over the years I retain an impression of that crowd. In it there was a sadistic seeking for a "yellow streak" in "that black man." Disappointingly, to the crowd, no one was able to discover it, for, from the first,

Johnson was cool, unconcerned.

Stepping out to meet the man who was odds-on-favorite, Johnson promised to give the spectators a surprise. "Surprise," though, scarcely expresses it. He had intimidated he wouldn't convert the scrap into a pursuit race. But that he would stand toe to toe with the mighty Jeffries, and WIN, was more than his all-too-few friends had expected.

The "lucky punch" talk made its debut in the second round. Johnson bounced a sizzling straight left off Jeff's eye. Instantly the eye began to puff up. The minute the punch landed, Jim looked dazed and stepped into the easiest punches of all to get away from. His judgment was shattered and he began to fight like a washerwoman.

"I can see two Johnsons," he said to Cornell, his trainer, when slumped in his corner after the second (Continued on Page 3)

WE ARE ALL of us willing enough to accept dead truths or blunt ones, which can be fitted harmlessly into spare niches, or shrouded and confined at once out of the way. But a sapling truth with earth at its root and blossom on its branches; or a trenchant truth, that can cut its way through bars and sods, most men dislike the sight or entertainment of, if by any means, such guest or vision may be avoided.

—John Ruskin

Exponents of every political party in the national campaign have been invited to speak for their candidates in this issue. Their statements appear on inside pages. Read and reflect!

A Journal of
Fundamental
Democracy



A Member of
Jack London
A.P.C.

Serial No. 11

29-A Parker Avenue :: San Francisco, Calif.

September-October, 1948

Jack London's Visit of "The Scarlet Plague"

Overshadowed by Horrow of Atomic Warfare

By O. M. THOMASON (JLAPC)

THE SEARCHLIGHT always brings back memories of Jack London. When I think of Jack London I recall his (to me) best story, "The Scarlet Plague." The Scarlet Plague is a bleak, blunt tale of how the population of the earth was reduced in a few months from eight billion (that was-to-be in the year 2013) to some three hundred people.

Thus it was necessary (since all science and art was forgotten) for man to start up the slow and hard way again.

But The Scarlet Plague was purely imaginary. One needs to be only a realist to cook up an even "better" story today. There is little need for imagination. All the props are ready.

Our scientists, businessmen and politicians — and "statesmen" — have all the actors and the villain and the materials ready. We are ready for the curtain and the footlights.

I am thinking of the A-bomb, and kindred missiles of annihilation. Even now one nation swaggers about with a brace of bombs in his belt, thumping his chest, and in a little while

other major nations will be aping the play: Each nation will have a charge aimed at its "enemies".

Radar intelligence will advise other nations the instant one "touches the trigger." Immediately all nations will blaze away and what will happen could make Jack London's Scarlet Plague look like a Sunday School picnic.

Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, Chicago University (one of the creators of the A-bomb), says that two modern A-bombs dropped along the Pacific Coast, if the winds were moving eastward, could render the United States uninhabitable. Persons not destroyed by fire and concussion would be contaminated by the deadly rays and die a slower death.

One A-bomb, says Dr. Hutchins, detonated under water at New York harbor, if the winds were landward, would drench all Greater New York and much of the inland country with its miles-high deadly spray.

Thus New York and its environs far inland, would become as quiet as it was in the glacial age. Not a bird would cheep, not an alley cat meow, not a grime bedrugged East Side bum or Wall Street stock juggler would be left to tell the tragic tale.

As the atomic-laden breeze swept across the country, even though ducked into your underground shelter, when you came up for fresh air (and there wouldn't be any) you'd discover that the cows, the pigs and the chickens were all roasted to an atomic brown or reduced to a fluffy dust. (Next page)

"MIDWAY across the campus he pointed suddenly to Mrs. Swinton's face. The unmistakable scarlet was there. Immediately all the other women set up a screaming and began to run away from her... While the world crashed to ruin about them and all the world was filled with the smoke of its burning, these creatures gave rein to their bestiality and fought and drank and died. What did it matter? Everybody died anyway, those that loved to live and those that scorned to live. They passed. Everything passed... I watched the passing of all man's glorious works. All the world seemed wrapped in flames. San Francisco spouted smoke and fire from a score of vast conflagrations that were like so many active volcanos. Oakland, San Leandro, Hayward, all were burning... Civilization, my grandsons, was passing in a sheet of flame and a breath of death."

(From "The Scarlet Plague" by Jack London)

This magazine is written, edited, printed and published by members of various national associations and local clubs devoted to the "Prince of Hobbies"—Amateur Journalism.

A Journal of
Fundamental
Democracy



A Member of
Jack London
A.P.C.

Serial No. 12

29-A Parker Avenue :: San Francisco, Calif.

November-December, 1948

IN ALMOST every one, if not in every one, of the greatest political controversies of the last fifty years, whether they affected the franchise, whether they affected commerce, whether they affected religion, whether they affected the bad and abominable institution of slavery; or what subject they touched, these leisured classes, these educated classes, these titled classes, have been in the wrong.—William Ewart Gladstone, British statesman

Youth Groups Plan New Political Action

"Life" Decries American Literary Traditions

LEADERS of fifteen youth organizations, including youth divisions of the League for Industrial Democracy, Americans for Democratic Action, Student Federalists and others, met recently in Ohio, at the first national planning conference of the newly-established National Youth Council for Independent Political Action.

This organization grew out of a previous gathering at Chicago of youth and student leaders who concluded that a really independent, truly progressive political party was needed on the American scene.

In the spring they organized the Council to lay a groundwork for a nation-wide youth membership organization after the elections, to push for a new party such as some labor leaders like Walter Reuther, and some unions like UAW-CIO, are pledged to support.

National officers have been chosen as follows:

Chairman, George Shepherd, Student Federalists; executive vice-chairman, Doug Kelley, former vice-chairman Students for Democratic Action; secretary, Gene Sharp, Columbus Young Peoples Socialist League; treasurer, David Gelibter,

IN ADDITION to being the leading exponent of "The American Century" Life Magazine is now decrying the literary traditions of the American people in a sneering editorial attacking vital literature.

Indicative of the boldness of the attack is the following assertion, referring to Norman Mailer's best selling novel. *The Naked and the Dead*; "It would never have been written that way if it were not for the obsessive literary convention that began with the slumming excursions of Stephen Crane and Frank Norris and Jack London in the '90's and early

1900s. Although Norris and London were lusty fellows, their tradition degenerated in their own later works . . . His successors have pretty generally loathed life. They have concentrated on the woes of the sharecroppers, the fantastic lusts of the back-country crackers, the boredom of assembly-line workers and the apathy of lintheads in milltown shacks."

Young Liberals of New York; editor, Aaron Kaufman, SDA.

An executive committee was named consisting of five national officers and fifteen representatives of farm, labor, student, religious, political, race relations, world organization, cooperative, pacifist and veteran groups.

Then constitution adopted by this conference states its purpose to be formation of a youth division of a party dedicated to the "preservation and perfection of political democracy," "progress toward a democratic economy in which cooperation for public service will supersede competition for a private profit," "building of a third force against totalitarian extremes."

Region councils were immediately set up in Michigan, New York and Wisconsin. The national office is at 1508 North Genesee Drive, Lansing 15, Michigan.

The editorial further suggests that it would be far better for our novelists to write of the careers of opera singers, bridge builders, and small boys!

In spite of the references to obscenity and sex objected to, the real issue is exposed. Let us not write about people as they are, let us divert our attention to the fantastic and perfectly safe activities of people who have avoided or escaped the work and meanness and vitality of life.

(Continued on Page 10)

SEASIDE REPORTER

PN 4827

NEWSER FOR YOUR FAMILY
July 15, 1948

#409

Vol. 2.

No. 9

NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION HOLDS CONVENTION IN LOS ANGELES

About a hundred amateur press enthusiasts from all over the country gathered July 3, 4, 5 in Los Angeles for the 73rd convention of the National Amateur Press Association.

Most of the people at the convention knew each other and had a lot of experience as amateur journalists (there were "Fossils" all over the place -- people belonging to the Fossil club for a long time). They will write a lot of good reports of the Convention, but I'll just write it from the point of view of a very new member who didn't know anyone. Other new members who read this will find out what they would have done and seen if they had been there.

The Hayfair Hotel where the Convention was held (I went to the Hayfair Hotel first by mistake and had to hike over) is a nice medium-sized hotel on 7th Street. The meetings were held in the lounge, a glassed-in nozzanine.

Sunday morning, July 3, there were a lot of men and women up there when I arrived, a sort of milling around getting registered and phoning each other. I stood around a few minutes wondering why I'd left home, and then Mr. Hyman Bravinsky, whom I hadn't met but who had got me into N.A.P. in the first place, came over and introduced me to a lot of people including Mr. Emory Moore (who later won the Laureate award for printing and was also elected vice-president). Mr. Moore was busier than any other two people I ever saw, making convention arrangements and taking pictures. I met Mr. Wesley Porter then too, one of the swellest guys at the Convention. He was busy too.

The meeting was finally called to order by Mrs. Mathison, the President, who is a pretty vivacious lady with beautiful eyes and the only ladies hat I've ever approved of -- it was made of green of pink and lavender and sport roses.

Mr. Harold Ellis (who was afterward elected editor for next year) set up a recording machine so local amateur clubs can borrow the records and find out what people said.

A man from the Mayors office gave a speech, and then "Pop" Hollinger gave one saying there were two kinds of people, those who live in Southern California and those who wish they did. Vandy (Edna Hyde

McDonald) who had come from New York for the Convention, said later with authority that no New Yorker wished to live in Southern California. Vandy later won the Laureate prizes for poetry and for history. She is a pretty, well-dressed lady with definite opinions, and a purple not hat.

There was a roll call when everyone got up and said who they were and we found out the people who belonged to the names we have read about all year. Lt. Commander Victor Hektorset, who is a handsome navy man with a pretty wife and cute baby (all belonging to N.A.P.) said he had travelled furthest to come to Convention, as he had left Oakland in December and came by way of Japan, Arabia, and some other places. When it came my turn to introduce myself, someone -- probably me -- with a small quavering voice said "Ellen MacLean, Seaside Reporter, Davenport, California".

When the Saturday meeting adjourned I went swimming, but most of the others stayed and had discussions and things that caused excitement next day.

Sunday, July 4th, after the meeting met, Mr. Ellis played back yesterdays recording which was complete with at least some rumbling by. Sunday was the day of elections and was especially exciting.

Mrs. Mathison gave the caveat of Mr. Anthony Hektorset because she wanted to make a nomination. Then Mr. Porter nominated Mr. Anthony Hektorset for president and a lot of people made speeches according to it. Sista Mathison nominated Mr. Shattuck who wasn't at the Convention (except Mr. Thor Mauritson who was a small round man on Mr. Shattucks committee) wanted to elect Mr. Hektorset unanimously but they couldn't do that for several reasons. There were a lot of proxy votes for Mr. Shattuck and anyway, Mr. Hektorset said he wouldn't accept the nomination.

Mr. Roy Lindenberg, a tall round man, moved we suspend the part of the Constitution relating (cont. next page)

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#4410



THE SKYLINE

Volume 5 Number 1

X-PN 4827



The Skyline

Volume 5 Number 1



1431

Smiles build Friendship.

And Friendship does away with
hate and war — So let us all smile
and live our lives as it is supposed
to be lived.

--- Walt Werner.



Vol. 1 No. 1

Jan. 1949

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4417

The Smiling Sun



Vol. 1 No. 2

June -- 1949



X-PK 4:12.0

#414

Southern Californian

Volume 3
Number 1
September 1949



X-PN 4827

#415

STRICTLY PERSONAL

OCTOBER



1949

"EMERSON DUERR HAS RETURNED to the AAPA after a jaunt over into the United, where he was pressed into service as official editor. . . . Milwaukee lowered the boom on him when he dared to run for the United presidency against the 'official' Milwaukee candidate. Now he's back in printers' territory." — Lee Hawes in *The Amateur Parade* for September 1949,

THANKS, fellow Americans, for electing me to the board of directors by a large vote. Your confidence in me is truly heart-warming. I am happy to be back among old friends again. As I wipe off the muck flung at me in the recent United campaign, I am reminded of what Warren G. Brodie said about that association in *The Shillalah* for February 1902: "The National association is infinitely ahead of the United in everything except puling. Here the United shows itself to be the champion. It can call a contemporary more names in a minute than would occur to the ordinary urchin in a month."

SORRY to have missed the AAPA meeting in New York City over the Labor Day weekend. We who work on the top floor at 366 W. Adams St., Chicago, without benefit of air-conditioning, were pretty well bashed in when August rolled to a sizzling finish. I wheeled into London, Ontario on the afternoon of September 1st, just too ema-



X-PN 4827

#416

STRICTLY PERSONAL

NOVEMBER



1949

ONE OF THE BURNING "issues" of the recent United (of Milwaukee) election was that the association should never consolidate with any other group. As an issue it was strictly a phony, but the Perpetual Secretary had to ride herd on *something* to protect his job and his control over UAPA.

A statement of the case for consolidation appeared in Alf Babcock's paper last month. Alf circulates only a limited number of copies privately, and I am therefore reprinting his article on pages 3 and 4 so all can read it.

My answer to the Perpetual Secretary's accusations is a straightforward assertion that while consolidation has many advantages I seriously doubt it will ever succeed as long as amateur journalists continue to be such individualists they cannot bear to regimented into one or two associations. Why, then, should I advocate mergers?

WE HAD ONLY TWO major associations—National and Roy Erford's United of America (Seattle)—after the United folded up about 1923. Everyone should have been very happy, with but two rivals in business sniping at each other. But they weren't.

In 1936 some of Erford's boys raised the standard of revolt, but instead of moving into the National camp they

THE SEATTLE AMATEUR

January 1949

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Vol. 46, No. 1

WHEN TIME STOOD STILL

By EMMA A. MACAULEY

THIS MORNING after breakfast, I looked at the little electric clock in the kitchen, and found the time to be twenty minutes past eight.

"It's early yet," said George, my husband, and we sat leisurely sipping a second cup of coffee, and discussing the news in the morning paper.

Sometime later George arose, looked absentmindedly at the clock, and remarked "I guess I'll have plenty of time to write that letter I've been putting off for a week," and started for the desk in the library, and I went about my work, feeling rested and at ease.

Later I came back to the kitchen, glanced at the clock and saw that it was still 8:20 A. M. Well, I thought, if it was only eight-twenty, I'd have lots of time to clean the living-room, see how much I've done already. Then I cleaned the living room, feeling that with such a good start, I did have plenty of time. After that, refusing resolutely to look at the living room mantle clock, I cleaned the stairs, then the dining room, the library, the sitting room, and finally came to the kitchen, where the clock still said 8:20. Well, what's the difference, I thought, I'll do the kitchen too.

I'll admit that luncheon was an

hour late, but I had worked unhurriedly, doing one thing at a time, and had not felt the rush of the circling clock hands. Everything was done, my afternoon was free, and I didn't even feel tired, when I am usually ready to drop after a hurried forenoon of working against time, which reminds me of an article in a recent magazine, wherein we are told that time is really the same, yesterday today and tomorrow, and that time does not march on, but it is we who march through time.

And just to prove that point, I have only to mention a soldier who came to see us, after having spent four years in far places. He entered the house and stood looking about him wonderingly—speechlessly—not even greeting us. He gazed at the same blue carpet, the pictures he remembered, the old flowered slip-covers on the chairs, the clock that always chimed the quarter hours, at the cat on the foot stool, and the dog greeting him as of old, with upheld paws and thumping tail, and then fervently exclaimed: "For Gosh Sakes, the same old cat and dog!" For him, astonishingly, nothing here was changed, that is, if he didn't look too closely at the people, who had turned gray, rushing through four years of time, while he had been rushing through the war.

(Courtesy AAPA Ms. Bureau.)



THE SEATTLE AMATEUR

April 1949

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Vol. 46, No. 3

"LIVE AND LET LIVE"

Are we a poor, stupid, backward nation? You know better than that! We all know better!

But we are a great deal lax about our individual health and the health of the nation's people. Because we don't care about it and aren't interested? No, that's not true. It is just that we are so busy doing other things that we let health take a back seat as we race through the day.

And yet, I think we all realize that Health is most important. Without it we are lost because it makes us and those close to us unhappy.

We don't, and the exceptions are few, take care of ourselves as we should. We don't visit the Doctor and Dentist as frequently as we should. Our policy is to just keep rolling until that pump that keeps us going is weakened, sometimes beyond repairs. We don't pay attention to symptoms which may cost a few dollars and minutes but which could save millions later (ALL TOTALED) and years and lives.

Every so often we are asked to donate a dime or a dollar or a fund to help a worthy medical cause. Without those necessary donations, thousands would die and suffer. Hospital beds, hospitals and med-

DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH

What do we mean by "Distribution of wealth?"

Perhaps, we ought to ask first, "What is wealth?" And we are not considering here, intangibles, good will, idealism, and the like, but merely wealth as represented by material things.

Then may we not say that wealth is represented by what has been saved in the past, plus what is received as current income?

Now, since we know that savings are represented by very many things; postal savings, government bonds, saving banks accounts, stocks and bonds, real estate, homes, and even automobiles and washers, to mention a few; some of which are owned by almost every body in America; more so than almost any country in the world; may we not, for the present, accept this as a fact that needs no further proof and turn our thoughts to the other kind, annual income?

Is income well distributed in the United States? Who gets the most of it? Do a few rich people get the greater part of it, and that these "monopolists" control the country.

Let's see—if we divide the people into two classes, those with less than \$5000 annual income, will include the great (To bottom of page 2)

THE SEATTLE AMATEUR

May 1949

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Vol. 46, No. 4

... State Control of Medicine ...

Many problems confront our modern form of civilization. One of the most acute and serious is that of Medical care of the sick and ailing. In the ancient and tribal days of our progenitors the serious efforts of the tribe were concentrated upon the survival of the strong and fit members of the tribe. There was no time or energy to give to the aged or the sick. The incapacitated had to shift for themselves and to fall prey to the inexorable conditions of climate, want or sickness. Only the young, strong and vigorous survived.

Under modern civilization the span of life of the individual is safeguarded at both ends of the span of life. Infant mortality is decreased through better knowledge and care of the incoming souls, while at the other end of the scale the aged and the crippled have the span of life extended far beyond any previous expectancy. The writer remembers when the expectancy of life was around thirty three years, now it is around seventy years. The pressing problem at this time is how to give necessary and adequate medical service to the increased number of sick and infirm under conditions and at a price that can be taken care of by the major-

ity of citizens making up our population.

On the one side is the extreme high and often prohibitive cost of modern specialized medical service. Whereas in the old days the family doctor diagnosed a case and prescribed the remedies now the patient is shunted from one specialist to another each specialist taxing a high fee for his examination. An example is being passed around in this city of a nurse charging and receiving \$100.00 for her services in giving the anaesthetics to a patient undergoing an operation. It is this high cost of medical service that is turning the American People towards Socialized Medicine. A family saves to have a moderate living and a home so that he be not a burden on the State or community. A single attack of sickness may destroy all his worked for security.

On the other side of the picture if the states or the government put into operation social control of medicine we will probably have indifferent and inadequate care of the sick. There will be lacking the personal touch or contact that was given by the family physician and that did much to heal. Under socialized medicine in England it is stated that the patient is shunted

SEATTLE AMATEUR

September 1949

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Vol. 46, No. 5

The Brooklyn Convention

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The 47th NAPA convention is now history but it will go down as distinguished in several respects. It had the best attendance in a long time of prominent and promising young blades—Tom Whitehead, Charles Hamilton, Jack Coolidge, Guy Miller, Neal Peirce, Dick Branch, Buck Hessler, Roy Lindberg, Al Lee, Ed Harler, Alf Babcock, Spencer Dryden and two Cranford recruits. In the slightly higher brackets were Louise Lincoln, Lois Grimes, Jeanne Sullivan, Wilametta, Sesta, Clele, (who was vocal enough to be counted) Wesson, Segal, Alf, Jeff Jennings, Groveman. Roy Lindberg distinguished himself, and for my money wiped out old scores by publishing the *St. George Record*, the four page mimeo. newspaper which welcomed us on the first day and circulated among us on each of the succeeding days of the convention. This paper was pronounced unofficial which to me distinguished it still further because nobody asked Roy to do this, nobody expected it, and all were surprised and pleased with it. Read carefully, during and after the sessions, it provided an all-over picture of our going on, in true newspaper style—facts, rumors, “scoops.” The issues after

the first were produced by the young blood (they must have worked all night every night to turn out both copy and paper.) They proved themselves capable reporters and demonstrated that they not only know how to get news but can adhere also to the newsman's ethics of silence as to the sources of their information. They also found it possible to journey to Cranford, N. J. (two hours away) there to print a 24 page *Alf's Cat*, in 24 hours. It was a stupendous task. Between and among all this they took an active part in the sessions. They swam in the Long Beach surf. They played the piano, sang, and danced after the banquet, and several of them had babies to mind or at least to keep an eye on. There is nothing the matter with an organization that has this energy and enthusiasm in its membership and the demonstration took 20 years off my life and restored my confidence in the NAPA. I kept thinking that Suhre, Haggerty, Morton, and Brody would have been delighted with this convention and I hope they looked on. VONDY.

The short short stories, like the lengthy ones, are popular only when interesting and well written.

SEATTLE AMATEUR

November 1949

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Vol. 46, No. 6

Federal Health Insurance By Marvin Sanford

THERE ARE THREE great fears that dog our people through life. They are (1) fear of the loss of a job; (2) fear of the loss of health; (3) fear of dependent old age.

Fear of loss of a job is more real to the average wage earner, and to young people, but as years pass the worker becomes more aware of the latter two. From middle age to trail's end, the trio haunt his days and nights. They are present at his meager table, and at the evening fireside their presence is felt in the shadows cast by fitful flames.

A more complete awareness of these fears and their devastating effect on the morale of the citizenry, has resulted in recent years in the gradual building of a program of "social security."

In a world teeming with abundance, no stranger contradiction exists than that in such a world fear should cast a gloom over our lives, millions dwelling under the black shadow of unfulfilled desires.

The proposals that have been suggested for a national health insurance program are part of the general program of social insurance. They are in furtherance of the same objectives, of which the main one is "freedom from fear."

Very few people would deny the need for such a program. Commissions under presidents Hoover and Roosevelt admitted it, and a commission under Governor Dewey as well. Certainly selective service demonstrated it.

I think our experience has shown that periodic examinations and preventive medicine have been unmistakably indicated as a necessity in our national life. To make such services available to all would cost the nation something, but lack of such availability is MORE costly. The method adopted to finance the program is not as important as admitting that voluntary systems do NOT meet the problem—and doing something about it. The first step would seem to be compulsory federal health insurance.

This is not to say that we are not now ONE of the healthiest people in the world, or that great advances have not been made under the private enterprise system. But it is to say that we are not and can not be, under private enterprise, anywhere near the possible goal of near-perfect national health. It is to say further that if you feel you are for social security legislation in general, workmen's compensation, unemployment insurance, you can

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The Stripling



Summer 1997

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Salvo!

Number Three

August 1950

NAT PALLONE SNAGGED FOR NAPA

"With two NAPA aristocrats working on me, how could I refuse?" This was the first comment Nat Pallone mustered after learning he was to share his literary talents (HARRIMPT!) which have been reserved for AAPA the past two years with the elder National association following a Sunday evening supper served at Victor and Rowena Moitoret's Smitland homestead and food being his big weakness he soon succumbed to the savoury aroma of one of Vic's own creations plus the lures of *Scarlet Cockerel* *Lucky Dog* *Masaka Alf's Cat* *Sword Cemetery Rabbit* plus other elite publications caused Nat to agree to put his mark on the elder circuit's application blank but not in blood (Here-with sufficient punctuation to sprinkle through the previous 101 words as you see fit: ,;.,,(),,;.,,2,,---!—Ed.)

Lieutenant Commander Alfred D. ("Rosie") Garvin, USN, an innocent bystander getting his first real taste of amateur journalism, was prevailed upon to contribute the following observation:

To the lay observer, this method of "talking with your hands" (he means "writing in the stick" Ed.) is a strange way of communication. It does have the advantage of being relatively quiet. Imagine the din when stone-age amateur printers got together and chipped their quips into stone.

V. A. Moitoret, Publisher, 1762 East Avenue, Smitland, Maryland

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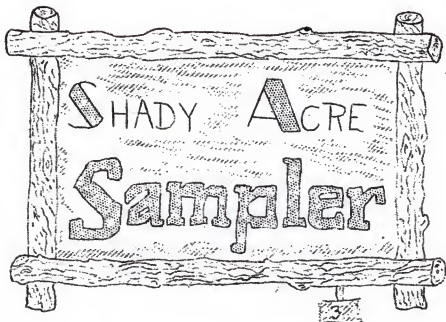
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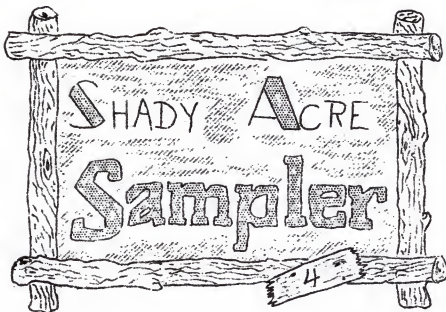


APOLOGIA FOR A MINOR POET

Because I can not take this fire and flame
That burn in me, and shape them into light
Of splendor such as make men pause in flight
To lift their eyes, and to admire, and name,
Should I sit dumbly here and give no heed
To such small lustre as I sometimes know?
Because the light is feeble, snuff its glow?
Saying, "Man has, of little singing, little need?"

Or shall I make of little rhymes a book
(Nor let the humble light within recede)
For simple men may still have simple need
To meet a simple rhyme, with leveled look.

--- Dora Hepner Meitorot



LILACS

Lilacs in the rain remember
Other springs and spill their tears
In perfumed, crystal prisms,
Through the years.

Lilacs leaning over pathways
Interlaced with wanton growth,
Untouched by mortal footsteps....
Speak to both

The amaranthine lovers who,
Returning each mauve-plumed spring,
Repeat their timeless secrets....
Whispering!

Margaret R. Lohr

SEATTLE AMATEUR

January 1950

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Vol. 47, No. 1

Fiftieth Anniversary--Editorial

NOW BEGINS the golden year of 1950. In 1900 I started in journalism in the hard way. I had an early morning newspaper and often carried the news in zero weather in Davenport, Iowa. I had a small journal of my own called the *Star*. During my spare time I attended grade school. During the fifteen years I lived in the mid-west I never heard anyone mention Amateur Journalism. While attending the University of Washington in Seattle in 1910, I soon met folks who knew all about amateur journalism. Roy Erford was the greatest recruiter of amateur journalistic talent that the world has ever known. Anthony Moitoret was one of his recruits. Roy organized amateur press clubs throughout the Northwest. Numerous conventions were held on the coast to keep up interest in this far off section of the United States. The best memorial that Roy could have is not more division but to have all amateur groups join in one co-operative association one thousand members strong to perpetuate our beloved hobby and not dissipate our strength into a dozen groups with assorted official organs and mailing lists with endless duplications. Co-operation will come eventually and why not enjoy it today when many old timers who are still alive can take part in its activities.

The National Amateur for Fall has arrived. Ralph Babcock of Topeka, Kansas was the able editor and also the printer. Filled with clever articles and interesting reports. Last year in sunny Mexico I mailed a large number of view postcards like folks are still receiving, so there is still hope that secretary Albert Lee's report will still arrive.September Candlebeams by Dean Bollman of Seattle—a splendid, vivid article on mountain climbing. Dean is a member of the Washington Mountaineers and well knows Mr. Ranier and Mt. Adams and all the other high spots. Dr. Dille with his Brahman is tops with printing and paper.Executive Judge Wesley Porter's September *Cameo* was enjoyed from cover to cover. We especially like his kind chit chat about his fellow members.President Ellis sets an excellent example with his journals. His report states that this can be a good year. Yes it can if we are all willing to carry part of the burden. If you cannot print a large journal then print a small one like my Chief or Comment.With this issue, *Seattle Amateur* reaches volume 47. Creative effort does bring great pleasure. (To Page 4)

SEATTLE AMATEUR

May 1950

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Vol. 47, No. 3

Money Standards

ARTHUR BRISBANE once wrote that he doubted if anyone really knows what money is—least of all, the bankers who handle it. This observation is possibly somewhat extreme, but the general understanding of currency systems and money standards is very hazy.

Money moves as a subtle influence that causes things to happen, both by its presence and by its absence. But in all of its movements money contributes nothing of itself; its influence is due to an involved interpretation of what it is assumed to represent—the standard of what it will buy.

The notion that money be measured by a certain weight in metal may have its advantages under certain circumstances, but for practical purposes it has failed the speed of the modern age. The problem which faces the promoters of progress is to provide a money system that will keep currency circulating without the accumulation of interest burdens or the blocking of exchange traffic by the accumulation of needed funds in emergency reserves—that a dollar instead of being a static representative of political fiat or a pellet of metal shall move as an honest witness of a service rendered, being flexible in its value according to the purposes of its use.

—JESS TRIMBLE.

Hard Money Outmoded?

IF THE ORTHODOX gold standard means anything, it permits conversion, on demand, of other money into gold coin. Let's see how impossible that now would be: Legal tender of all kinds, folding money as well as chickenfeed, totals around 30 billions. "Money supply" on deposit in banks, however, which also circulates as legal tender when checks are drawn, raises this to 170 billions. Therefore, how could even the monetized part of this total be converted when the nation has a gold supply of little more than 25 billions?

But conceding that those first to convert became possessed of the gold now at Fort Knox, it could not long stay out of private and institutional strong boxes, because inevitably it would be withdrawn from circulation under operation of Gresham's law, to the effect that bad money drives good money out of circulation.

Would that stop depreciation of the dollars still in existence? Would not the foundation be laid for another of the many scandals centering about traffic and gambling in monetary gold?

It's no time for hard-money nostalgia. Ours is a colossal system of indebtedness from which at this

(Continued on Page 2)

SEATTLE AMATEUR

March 1950

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Vol. 47, No. 2

No More the World

PEACE and tranquility reigned. All was quiet. The birds which were usually singing from the trees had disappeared. The trees which were usually swaying and humming because of the wind rushing past were silent and motionless. The wind which was usually strong and forceful had calmed till it seemed not to be present at all. Nature was at rest. The earth seemed to be experiencing the proverbial calm before the storm. And how true would this axiom prove to be!

Soon a startling announcement was made by the weather bureau: The northern polar regions were having a heat wave! No one could get himself to believe it, but it was true. In fact the torridity grew so that not only were the glacier mountains melting but also the water created was being evaporated—at the same time! The phenomena was soon explained by reports of a huge fire, presumably started in the Arctic, now spreading throughout that region and heading south. What had caused the conflagration was not known, but that the wildfire was a reality soon was realized by most of the world. Although the wall of flames was still thousands of miles away, members of the animal kingdom, through some sixth sense, had received a sort of premonition, and were now moving *en masse* across North America. Whole armies of land animals were racing southward, through large cities and small hamlets, over highways and roads, past barren land and forests; flights of birds glided from the approaching flames, cluttering the sky and making day into night; enough sea inhabitants to make the eyes of any fish-marketeer shine with joy swam crazily toward the equator. Even the insects joined in the crusade.

Human beings, however, could not so easily immigrate. Even if they could, though, most stubbornly persisted in remaining in their homes, waiting for it all to "blow over." How wrong they were! For as the sheet of flames continued on, it missed nothing. It charred everything in its enlarging path. Soon there was nothing in its path; all had been consumed and the world was free from sin for the first time since it had been created. In fact, the world was free from everything. All that remained was the smoldering relics of a world turned evil. God had justifiably destroyed what He had graciously created. And now He could start anew.

ANTHONY D. RICKETT.

"The Christian era is nearing its end. Astronomically, astrologically, and in stellar history it will end in fifty years—with this, the Twentieth Century."
—Von Wiegand.

SEATTLE AMATEUR

June 1950

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Vol. 47, No. 4

... World Federalists ...

THE PROPOSALS for world government are actually as American as apple pie. The federal government of the United States was founded among 13 divergent communities with different interests, local rivalries, and antagonisms which at that time appeared insurmountable. Only by recognizing that, in the language of Benjamin Franklin, unless they hung together they would hang separately did those 13 colonies achieve peace and order among themselves.

Over 100 members of the house of representatives and many members of the Senate have already sponsored resolutions in congress which, if passed, would direct that the objective of American foreign policy be toward the establishment of a world federal government of limited powers. Other proposals looking toward the cooperation of the United States in a federation of nations are also before congress. These proposals are not "bootleg" but are now being given full hearings before the foreign affairs committees. The organizations and the individuals throughout America interested in these proposals are firmly convinced that in the field of international affairs order is preferable to chaos; and liberty and life are preferable to permanent total mobilization, destruction, and death. Any agreement between nations involves some surrender of sovereignty just as agreement between people involve some surrender of free action. Just as individuals are not free to steal or murder, nations should not be free to wage war on one another. Until some order has been established it is, of course essential that we be prepared at all times to defend ourselves from attack but that preparation should not prevent us from at the same time using the reason with which the Creator has endowed us in the direction of the establishment of order based on law in international affairs.

A. W.

The great PROBLEM of the ages has been WAR. Today 75 per cent of our TAXES Goes for past wars and preparation for future wars. WAR impoverishes humanity. Today the H bombs can equally destroy the poor and the rich, the commoners and the rulers. Today WAR has suddenly lost its glamour for the individual and the nation alike, for the bomb's radiation can travel around the globe. Today WAR is known for what it really is—MASS MURDER. Federation of the Nations of the World under Christian Brotherhood can only bring us PEACE and PLENTY.

C. F. N.

no. 7

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#433

The Stripling

winter 1950



Slipsheet

MARCH, 1950

AN INTRODUCTION...

SOME PEOPLE MAY WONDER just what I am doing in the realm of mimeography. I wonder, too! Anyway, I saw the ad Stan Buchanan put in his Northern Neighbor, and who'd pass up an opportunity like that? For those who haven't heard about it, Stan is offering to mimeo 400 copies of your paper, 8 1/2 x 11, both sides, for only \$3.75!

I GRABBED AT THE OPPORTUNITY, for, being away at college most of the time, I don't have a chance to get much printing done on vacations. The only recourse being the mimeograph, who would neglect the offer which Stan is making? As I can't print, I feel the next best thing to do is to mimeo, despite what Alf Babcock and Harold Segal say. Anyway, I printed the last issue of The Skyline.

SLIPSHEET WILL BE A TEMPORARY PUBLICATION until I can find the time to put out another Skyline. I'll try to get this paper out on a monthly basis, though it may be hard at times. College comes first!

THIS PAPER WILL TRY to bring you the best in poetry and fiction as well as occasional editorials on the affairs of amateur journalism. The need for a good literary paper has long been evident in the NAFA. Slipsheet will try to fulfill this need as best it can.

FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO KNOW, this paper is published by George William Hamilton, who can be reached at Skytop 1-9, Syracuse 10, N.Y. Typed in elite type on a Smith-Corona machine. This is volume one, number one. And it won't be the last, either!

THIS IS MY FIRST ATTEMPT with a stencil. Quite a battle. I don't know which one of us is winning!

VOL. 1, NO. 2

Slipsheet
APRIL, 1950WHAT'S YOUR OPINION?

THE NAPA IS FAST REACHING the greatest crisis of its seventy-five year history. We have weathered other storms: the 1930's saw a new low in membership; the 1940's saw the loss of many of our members due to the war. However, the NAPA is still at the helm, but we're steering for the rocks unless the dues are raised. Alf Babcock, in Cat number 81, suggests raising them to \$3. If that will pay our expenses and keep the greater part of our members, good. But if we're going to lose members anyway, why not raise the dues to \$4 or \$5? I'm willing to pay that much. And those who aren't, are, in most cases, the ones who haven't put anything into the association to begin with.

CONGRATULATIONS...

THE SPIRIT OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM is not dead. Many of the old-timers are moaning about the "good old days" when a paper could be put out for a matter of a few cents. But here, making its first appearance in the February bundle is William Blake's The Four Seasons—a beautiful journal from any angle. The content is excellent, and I haven't seen a better journal typographically in a long time. Sending a paper like that in the bundle is what more of our members should be doing. A journal such as Blake's should stimulate every guy who has any journalistic spirit whatsoever. To William Blake, and James Dille of the Silver Quoin Press goes Slipsheet's nomination of The Four Seasons as the best paper of the month.

X-PN 487



SMOKE RINGS



#436

"ORIGINAL TELEVISION FROM COAST TO COAST"

PAUL STEPPENS, Rt. 1, WALNUT, KAN. & MRS. WAYNE McCAAY, KINGSDOWN, KAN.
(Editors)

*** A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ***

THANKSGIVING FEAST- (Third Installment)

Early next morning I went to GEORGETOWN, to find out what the fate of the pullets on the judge's fence would be. I arrived just in time to hear the judge say,

"John! Wake up, John!"

Long John yawned and counted, "One, two, three, four-yes, they are all there."

"What are you counting? There are no fowls on the fence! You are still dreaming."

John rubbed his eyes and seeing several people standing about them said,

"I guess those colored boys put one over on Old John this time. Last night I was out possum hunting and I got so sleepy about midnight, I guess I just dozed off. Maybe the chickens went home this morning at daylight."

We all, then went over to Herman's poultry house to investigate. The Judge unlocked the door, and out marched 16 Orpington pullets--the number Herman claimed he had. Everybody scratched his head, and all of us went over to Eli's to see what would come out of his hen-nery. The Judge unlocked the door--he had locked up both poultry house doors the night before--and 16 pullets flew out--his original number of pullets. That looked very funny to all of us.

Old Judge Hughes was smarter than he looked.

"Nothing strange about that", he said. "The other day 4 of Eli's pullets took a notion to visit Herman's flock. They cackled together too long to go home - so decided to stay all night. Yesterday evening they decided to return to their own roost. The 4 on the fence were the ones Herman sold to the Poultry House in town., and probably will never be seen again. Eli is bound to pay for them. That is the verdict of the Georgetown Court. And concludes the case in this court."

The final fate of the 4 unfortunate fowls will be revealed in the next issue of SMOKE RINGS.

To Shirley Zinke:-

Belated sympathy from Paul

Your heart is filled with sorrow
Sobful tears now fill your eye;
In your grief you feebly cry

"Lord, Thy Will be done."

Your Mother's earthly race was run,
Her time to leave you, now had come.
Her dieing thought for you, was

"Lord, Thy Will be done."

She lived and left this life with
love

For you, and for her God above.

All her earthly cares she left to

"Lord, Thy Will be done."

All your sorrow, you bring to Him,
In your heart is just one plea--

"Your gift to me, I leave to Thee,

"Lord, Thy Will be done."

SMOKE RINGS

"ORIGINAL TELEVISION FROM COAST TO COAST"

PAUL STEFFENS, WALNUT, KANSAS & EDITH E. ASTLE, KINGSDOWN, KANSAS
(CO-EDITORS)

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

April Fool! my foot for the man in the moon;
There will be more fools in the month of June.

Originally we had selected "SUNFLOWER SEEDS" for a name of this paper from Kansas in keeping with the popularity of the Kansas State flower. Later, circumstances induced us to decide on "SMOKE RINGS". Smoke rings were the original long distance means of televising messages - used by the Indians long before Columbus smoked behind the barn- or was it Marc Anthony?

George Boehme is to blame for getting me into this trouble. Just like he made trouble for Danny Miller. On his recommendation, I wrote some letters of appreciation to some of the editors. I wrote to the Chatterbox(and can she chatter) and gave her a piece of my mind--she did likewise, as you can read in her March number. She recommended "SMOKE RINGS" . So from now on you will all get an eye full of smoke, if ? ! - you read what I rote- rite or rong.

I like to hob-nob with nobility, so I selected Rachel Van Crome for my next victim. She wrote me a card signed, "Poet of the Hills." GOSH! woe unto me ! I had better hide my brainstorms under a bushel. Soon as I trap a one-eyed buck, I'll send for one of her Hill songs.

Mrs. Ida Zuberbuchler, wrote me a nice long letter in answer to my lauding her first snow-(Erster Schnee)- she was especially interested in my nationality.

Now just keep smiling. The worst is yet to come.

George advised me to consult Belle Mooney, as to the functioning of the U.A.R.A. I did. She wrote me a letter, inviting me to call on her the first time I would be in K.C. With the letter she sent one of her visiting or calling cards (as the case may be)- in my case it called for a visit. The card said-Dr. Belle Mooney(Writer)-well! that Dr. stumped me. You know, if you call on a Dr., or the Dr. calls on you, you are supposed to be ailing or failing(as the case may be). Now I was in no shape to accommodate Dr. Belle with that pleasure. So far I haven't reached the ailing stage. Shortly after, I got an invitation to be present at my sister's golden wedding anniversary. So I decided to stop over in K.C. and face the music. And I did face some music for when I got to her apartment, she was composing some of her verses or(vicaversas). During my 2 hours visit I got an earful-(you know how Mrs. Mooney can throw around with WORDS-an very much the wiser. I don't remember if I thanked her, but I did say good-bye and started for the exit. But I didn't ex-it! The Dr. had me locked in! You all know her fondness for Missouri musical long-ears. She must have found out that I am a Missourian too, the first one she captured and had locked me in. When I gave her a half promise to write an A.J. paper she relented. With the help of a screw driver we managed to take the lock off-(in my effort for Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness I had pulled the knob off.) And she gave me the air, and was that fresh! I don't mean Mrs. Mooney's action- I mean the air outside.

(Continued on next page)

SMOKE RINGS

#438

"ORIGINAL TELEVISION FROM COAST TO COAST"

PAUL STEPPENS, WALNUT, KANSAS & EDITH E. ASTLE, KINGSDOWN, KANSAS
(CO-EDITORS)

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Hello Everybody! We're blowing Smoke Rings again for May. Next month we'll be hearing Wedding Bells ring. And many a lad, will be happy & glad--or sorry & sad-- when on that day he'll hear her say, "I do!" And the very next day she'll say "You do!" Now Boys; Be not too disappointed. I will describe

"THE ORIGIN OF WOMAN"

(As recorded by the ancient Hindoo sages)

According to Hindoo legend, Twastri, the God Vulcan, of the Hindoo Mythology, created the world. But when he started to create Woman, he found that with Man he had exhausted all his creative material. This greatly perplexed Twastri, and caused him to meditate. After deliberating for sometime he proceeded as follows:

He took the roundness of the moon, the undulating curves of the serpent, the graceful twists of the creeping plant, the light shivering of the grass, the slenderness of the willow, the velvety softness of the flower, the lightness of the feather, the gentle gaze of the doe, the frolicsomeness of the dancing sunbeam, the tears of the cloud, the inconsistency of the wind, the timidity of the hare, the vanity of the peacock, the hardness of the diamond, the sweetness of honey, the cruelty of the tiger, the heat of the fire, the chill of snow, the cackling of the parrot and the cooing of the turtle dove. All these he mixed and formed "Woman". He presented her to man.

A week after, the man came to Twastri and said, "The creature thou gavest me poisons my existence. She jabbars incessantly(shades of the Chatterbox) and takes up all my time. She continually complains without cause and is always ill. I implore thee , take her back for I cannot live with her." And Twastri took the woman back. But...a week later the man appeared again saying, "O, Lord, my life is lonely and desolate since thou takest her from me. Now I remember that she danced before me, and sang sweet songs to me. I also remember the tender looks she gave me. She fondled me and held me in her arms."

Twastri was moved to pity and resored her to the man. But...only three days later the man once more made his appearance saying, "O, Lord, I do not know why, but I am certain the woman causes me more vexation than pleasure. I beseech thee, take her away from me."

But the enraged Twastri cried out, "Get thee hence. Ungrateful being. Do the best you can with her." The man said, Lo! I cannot live with her, neither henceforth be able to live without her." The man was sorely troubled and lamented, "Woe unto me! I cannot live with her and cannot live without her. My misery has commenced."

A sage of modern time once said;
"God made the Earth...then rested;
Then God made man ...then rested;
After God made woman...nobody rested

Edith.

PN 4827

SMOKE RINGS

#439

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PAUL STEFFENS, Rt.1, WALNUT, KANSAS & EDITH E. ASTLE, KINGSDOWN, KAN.
(CO-EDITORS)

*** A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ***

SMOKE RINGS you missed in June-(When Roses were in bloom)
 You did not miss a hot-(Ye eds are not so hot)
 We did not have the cash-(To pay for printing trash)

Now it is July-And that's no lie.

The contest, describing how the bride and groom were dressed ended too late to announce the winners and publish the winning entries in June. Therefore the winners and their winning entries are published in this issue of SMOKE RINGS.

George Boshme's and Belle Mooney's judgment in selecting the winners for a first and second prize could not have been surpassed by Old King Solomon himself or by Ole Smoke Ring Paul himself. I take this opportunity to thank them both for taking time out and giving us a just decision. What Old King Solomon has to say about it, you will have to contact him (that is if you can induce him to leave his harem for so trivial a matter).

First choice winner went to Greta Graf -(Congratulations, Greta) for
 "NEIGHBORHOOD WEDDING"

In sheer chiffon the blushing bride
 Twists her ankles from side to side,
 In mother's shoes that once were white---
 For all to watch, a gruesome sight.
 One never knows if she will trip
 On that nightgown, and it will rip.
 Will her short legs withstand the strain
 Of dragging that long, burlap train?
 It's no illusion, her curtain veil.
 It doesn't float, it doesn't trail;
 It dangles past her fingertips.
 Her sash embraces what should be hips.
 A white fur muff secures her flowers---
 The local florists claim "not Ours!"
 Fantastic gowns in startling shades
 Clothe her small, pre-school bridesmaids.
 The groom hangs back in the parade.
 He's just turned four years old, you see,
 And seven is the bride.

The wedding is adjourned a bit, the maid of honor must siesta.
~~Then out she comes, refreshed and fit,~~ so on with the fiesta!
 Till finally at suppertime, the last game has been played,
 The youngsters stagger homeward, full of crackers and Kool-aid.

The prize was a Peach-stone Monkey(carved by me). "Ain't we got fun?
 (continued next page) or if you insist -
 on the other side. You must know about our second winner. Turn now.



Announcing...



X-PN 4827

SMOKE RINGS

#440

"ORIGINAL TELEVISION FROM COAST TO COAST"

PAUL STEPPENS, Rt.1, WALNUT, KANSAS & EDITH E. ASTLE, KINGSDOWN, KAN.
(CO-EDITORS)

*** A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ***

LOVE

In song of enduring love,
From early morn till late,
The cooing Turtle Dove
Is mourning for her mate.

For us the lovely roses bloom,
Their love for us assured.
They give their sweet perfume
As long as life endured.

The mournful song stops sighing
Of the cooing turtle dove.
The thirsty rose is dying
With a breaking heart of love.

In a lovely dream we live
Like the rose and turtle dove.
At the end of live we give
A live we lived for Love.

Paul

BOSSY

If I was a bossy cow,
And my behavior good,
I'D stand knee-deep in clover
And solemnly chew my cud.

Marie Mand.

I made a lot of Smoke for August;
Some are sets for diamond rings,
Some are only common things,
Some are brash and trashy vapor,
Some are only frivolities on paper,
To write one different from the
rest I tried
So Leo Lois would be satisfied.

Paul

No wonder Irma and Eddie are such
good friends. She irons his shirts
while he irons out her nomination.
She will have to quit that now as
it wouldn't look good for our no-
doubt about that, Irma- President
to iron her Secretary's shirts or
darn his socks.

Paul

Mother Loves Mud Pies

By Edith.

"Sam wake up! This Sunday is too
beautiful to sleep away."

"Yes Lydia! What did you say?"

"I said it's too nice to stay at
home. We're going for a picnic to
Linnwood Park. You call the child-
ren while I pack the lunch-basket."

An hour later at the Park, a merry
crowd of picnickers greeted them.

"Hello Sam. Happy Birthday, Happy
Birthday Sam Ratz, Happy Birthday
to you. And a jolly farewell when
you leave this gay circle next week".

As I was only visiting in Wichita
and not well acquainted with that
bunch of merry makers, I took my
paper plate with pie and cake and
cup of coffee out on the steps of
the pavilion. There I could watch
the landscape dotted with picnickers
But I had reckoned without the host
for at the bottom of the steps was
a sweet little angel-faced girl...
blue eyes and curly brown hair....
busy making mud pies. She turned
her smiling face up at me and said,
"We make mummie, pies." Her pink
dress was her Sunday best, her new
shoes a creamy white. One pie fin-
ished and left in the sun to bake,
she waded into the mud puddle with
those creamy-white shoes and scoop-
ed up another handful of that pre-
cious black pie dough and patted
out another pie.

Just then I noticed a grown-up du-
plicate of the little baker sedate-
ly walking toward us. Like her lit-
tle daughter she greeted me with a
smile and a good evening. To little

SMOKE RINGS

441

"ORIGINAL TELEVISION FROM COAST TO COAST"

PAUL STEFFENS, Rt. 1, WALNUT, KAN. & EDITH E. ASTLE, KINGSDOWN, KAN.

*** A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ***



Smokey Steffens

CHIEF SMOKE

SQUAW YOKUM

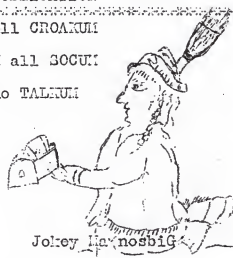
PO: WOW UCUM

YOCUM all CROAKUM

TOASTUM all BOCUM

HOCUM no TALUM

CARTOON (chaser)
By the Man in
the Moon (gazer)



Jokey Ma nosbig

LEGS AND MILWAUKEE CLUB

Of Diamond thoughts, and Stars a Heart,
I aim to start one
That needs no Cupid's dart.

In this classy Club of mine
There will be only Gentlemen
That are free, frivolous and fine.

Instead of Club, I'll name it Spades,
As females are a bad omen.
There'll be no Misses or Old Maids.

Of members there will only be
A trinity of trumps in Stars,
Whose names are, I, Myself and He.

Myself the president will be
To tear the burdens and the cares
And keep the Spades stagnation free.

I will take in all the dues
Make all the speeches and the toasts
And rake in all the news.

We will have to be the goat
Take the kicks and get the roast
When Depression rocks the boat.

(continued next column)

If the air is not too hazy
And the members not too lazy
Rub the smoke out of your eyes
Take a gander at this and get wise,

Watch the November Smoke Ring
And see the very newest thing
The latest Kansas Club (by name)

Climb the ladder to glory and
to fame.

LAST ROSE (for Belle)

The last Rose of Summer
Still blooming, shy, alone.
All her lovely sisters
Departed now and gone.

Aroma; sweet perfume,
Bathed in fragrant dew,
Like sunshine fills your room,
...She stored for only You.

Soon she will bloom no more
Her loveliness to show;
She'll grace the scented shore
Where spirit Roses grow.



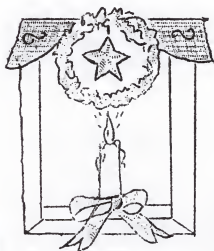
SMOKE RINGS

"ORIGINAL TELEVISION FROM COAST TO COAST"

PAUL STEFFENS, Rt.1, WALNUT, KANSAS, Editor.



*** A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ***



From SMOKE RINGS

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO YOU ALL

and

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

from

Edith and Paul

Let your candle light
From your window frame
Shine far and bright.

Let its flickering flame
Tell all the world tonite
For you a Savior came.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

TURKEY TOM

When Father Time goes limping by
The waning year's end is nigh.
When sylvan shadows lengthen into night
And evening clouds reflect rainbow lite,
When sighing zephyr silencing with dying day,
And slanting rays of sunshine fade away,
Silvery moonbeams steal across the grayling sky
And twinkling stars awaken, blinking sly.

Twenty pounds and over
From Farmer Ford's field
of clover,
Did grace our table on
Thanksgiving Day.

Turkey Hash

On frosty air, Carolers' merry voices tingle
And mingle with the jolly sleighbells' jingle.
Cheerful children's voices, Silent Night are singing
To Christmas Chimes, Merry Church Bells ringing
Under candle lighted fir tree gleaming bright.
The Angels' Message brings Peace on Earth tonite.
For on that holy Christmas morn
A Savior to the world was born.

Fresh from our Frigidaire
(Silent Night comes o'er
the air)

To grace our
table
On this Christmas Day.

Turkey Soup

(Paul)

If you can't send a Christmas card
that costs a dime
To send a "Merry Christmas"
penny post card is no crime.

Paul

The ghost of good old Clobber
With pumpkin pie and cherry
clobber
Will grace our table
On next New Year's Day.

Paul

CONNIE MARY GRAVIS
1625 Meridian Ave.,
Miami Beach, Fla.

4443
HONEY SUE SASSCOO
3131 N. Bay Road
Miami Beach, Fla.



SUGAR 'N' SPICE

SEPTEMBER
1950

"VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE"

"SPICE SHELF"
NUMBER 1

"BEE HIVE"
VOLUME 1

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

INTRODUCTION

Having never attempted anything of this sort before, we have decided that it would be most proper for us, the editors, to first of all acquaint you with us; our names, what we look like (vaguely!), etc. So here goes.

My name is Connie Mary Gravis, I will be sixteen in just another month, am 5' 5" tall, have blue eyes, blonde hair, and weigh somewhere between 100 and 200 lbs. Next year I will be a JUNIOR in High School. Poetry is my favorite hobby, and I love every second of it; whether I am reading someone else's, or writing my own!


Enough for me. I know you want to meet my partner (in crime?), so I will proceed with her description:-

Honey Sue has been a constant terror to all who have known her for eighteen years now, with her black hair and four brown eyes (she wears glasses!) She is interested in art, and good at it too! This you can see by the sketches in this issue.

The things that Honey and I have in common are a mutual passion for eating, and a very active interest in LEW! but that 's about all!

SUGAR 'N' SPICE has been so named for the obvious reason that no two people were ever more unlike in appearance, as well as our individual idiosyncrasies (who ever figured out that word?) We hope that you enjoy reading our venture as much as we enjoy attempting it! Any and all constructive criticism will be welcomed, as well as any compliments you think us "worthy" of. Also we will be most grateful to accept any poems you may wish to submit to us for use in SUGAR 'N' SPICE. We are ESPECIALLY interested in limericks...the crazier the better!

We are looking forward to hearing all about the convention, and we are both unhappy that we were unable to attend this year. After we read about your plans for said convention, especially the part about Pabst Blue Ribbon, the following was inspired by Connie:-



We regret we have to mention
We can't attend the convention;
While others will be there to "beer-it"
We will only be there in spirit!!

No hard feelings, folks! Hmm....I wonder if L.L. H. approves????

There were "TWO GUYS FROM MILWAUKEE"
Looking for the "TWO GALS FROM OLD MIAMI"
Who next year, though that much older
In Boston, 'by gosh!! vow to be bolder,
So our Connie Mary and our Honey Sue
Are saving some dough...to be there too.

by C.A.B.

Enough mischief for this month...so long until next!

Connie and Sue.

CONNIE MARY GRAVIS
1416- 18th. Street
Miami Beach, Florida

VOLUME I NUMBER 3
NOVEMBER
1950



SUGAR 'N' SPICE

"VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE"



*** A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ***

This month I am sorry to announce that "Sugar N' Spice" is losing an editor. I know that we all will miss Money Sue, and I do hope the remaining editor will be able to carry on satisfactorily alone. If any one wishes to suggest a new name for the paper, it will be welcome. However, don't be surprised if it is not changed at all, For I must admit that "Sugar N' Spice" has become a part of me, that I will not easily surrender it!

Now, I would like to present to you the next era of the development of Literature in America:

2. THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD (1765-1800)

This period covers the time from before, during, and after the Revolutionary War, until the end of the century. During those stormy years of our history, until the new government and the Constitution was established, literature was mostly political, consisting mainly of pamphlets, and public addresses. Many great men rose to meet the crisis, which had disturbed the soberness, and seriousness of their colonial life, and by their pens and oratory made themselves useful to the Revolutionary cause. Americanism replaced the colonial attitude entirely.

In spite of the abundance of this political material, the beginnings of poetry and the novel, which were developed after the turn of the century, were seen in this period.

Do you like to laugh? Well I love to, and at last I have discovered something that never fails to accomplish this end. It is called a spoonerism, and you too have probably enjoyed one at some time or other, for many have been printed in the "SATURDAY EVENING POST". I am going to present one to you now, and if you like it, I will use some more. I have always found that they are funnier if read out loud.

LITTLE RIDE HOODING RED

Modern Spoonerism by Colonel Stoopnagle

A long time ago, even before Benjamin Franklin invented the Patter-day Evening Soast, a little lurl named Ride Hooding Red started out through a fiek thorest to take a lasket of bunch to her grick sand-mother. She was lunning along, summing a hong, when who should suddenly surst upon her but a big wown broolf!

"Care are you whoaing, my mitty little prayed?" said the berocious feast, with a vry file on his ugly smace.

"To my handmother's grouse," said the minnocent aiden, "to take her a sandful of handwicher and some pill dickle, She is very bick in sed with a fie heaver."

"Porsand lakes!" ride, ther croolf, "in that case, give me the bitty prasket and I will run with it to your cotmother's grammage. Then you can take your tame and flich some pretty wildpovers for her on your way." So little Red Ridind Hood gave the bass and the wolfket and off

X-PN 4827

#445

Slipsheet

Published occasionally when the need arises by NAPA mailer G.W. Hamilton. For address, see below.

1951-52 MAILING DATES ANNOUNCED

The monthly bundle will be mailed on the **fifteenth** of each month. For inclusion in that month's bundle, **papers must be received not later than the tenth of that month** in order that mailings may be out on time. And don't forget the fee of 15c a pound. Make all checks payable to George W. Hamilton.

● **August and September 15** from 57 Maplewood Ave., Maplewood New Jersey.

IMPORTANT--Read On!

X-PN 4827

YU-12

SIAMESE

Standpipe

NINETEEN

July 8, 1951

X-PN 4827

#447

Spectator

February 1951

*Presenting the 14th
issue of a small
journal dealing with
printing and amateur
journalism, planned
as a series pertaining
to such matters as
we deem interesting
and important.*

X-PN 4827

Spectator

JULY 1951

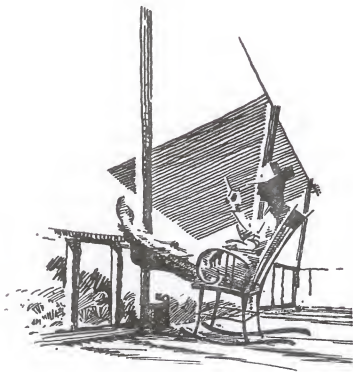


8-11-1951

2449

Spectator

August, 1951



X-PN 4827

2050

Spectator

September, 1951

SHANDYGAFF

Number 1—September, 1951

TO AN ENGLISH TEACHER

By Rowena Autry Moitoret

The room was hot, and we were half-asleep,
That dusty day, in our small Texas school.
A sandstorm roared outside; you could not keep
Our drowsy minds upon the grammar rule.
You took a grey book, thin, and worn, and small,
A book that I had never seen before
Shakespeare, Dickens, Kipling, each and all
You read to us, and I can still recall
Your pale hands, twisting on the brooch you wore,
We turned our heads, embarrassed by your tears.
We could not feel, or understand the pain
You felt, remembering the sea,
The soft, wet mist, the steaming cups of tea
For as you read, you folded back the years,
And walked the streets of London, in the rain.

SCRIPT DEPT.,
827 West Couden,
Los Angeles 44, Calif.

No. 4

Jany. 1951

THE SCRIPTORIUM

By EARLE CORNWALL
Chief of Script Bureau

I presume the new year, 1951, has been ushered in ere now, beginning the last half of the 20th Century. Let's get that straight.

Newcomers in N.A.P.A. do not seem to understand that the Script Bureau is an original feature devised by our founding fathers in 1875. It is not to be sneezed at. Writers get a lot of service for almost nothing.

This service is the only one of its kind in America. This precious Bureau for new and palpitating scripture has no connection with, but is equally as blatant as the A.P.C. circle, because business is good! 53 scripts handled to date. Nevertheless, I am not satisfied. And I am not patting myself on the back to death, either. But my friends are.

There seems to be a slight misunderstanding about my requests for contributions. The two dollar check recently received has been rejected and returned to the donor. The joke is on me.

X-PN 4827

#453

EARLE CORNWALL
827 WEST COLDEN
LOS ANGELES 44
CALIFORNIA

NUMBER 6

April 1951

The Scriptorium

It was once customary for NAPA publishers to snort in disgust at the eternal emptiness of our Script Bureau, and it is still the habit of *some* publishers (who go crawling around in first one association after another), as you'll soon learn.

Members of the NAPA who have any yen for literary composition are supposed to have learned by now that they may send me poems, verse, jingles—prose pieces of all sorts, editorials, special articles, short stories, love idyls, adventure, romance, cookie recipes—in fact, any literary efforts, preferably typewritten, that I may place these effusions with our publishers, who in turn will present this stream of talent to our reading public.

Naturally, President Whitbread kicked me upstairs to stop my eternal beefing. That's *one*

Number
Five

Salvo!

April
1951

*Letting go a broadside at a target you couldn't miss blindfolded.
Loaded, aimed, and fired by Victor A. Maitoret, LCDR, USN.*

The Plot That Failed

Roy Lindberg didn't like Proposed Amendment No. 3 which, if adopted, will require 10 signatures instead of 3 on an amendment in order for it to be acted upon.¹ He could not agree with the sponsors, who felt that such an arrangement would insure much wider support for a proposal before it could appear in the official organ for consideration by the membership and so would act to insure a more carefully conceived proposal in the first place—10 heads being better than 3. But the Brooklyn agitator felt a requirement for 10 signatures would not necessarily eliminate 'crackpot' amendments—and he concocted a subtle plot to prove his point.

He drafted an asinine amendment to eliminate Article 1 from the NAPA Constitution. Article I states: "TITLE—The name of this organization shall be the National Amateur Press Association." Now, if he could get 10 or more members to sign such a futile suggestion, his point would be established. The sad part of the story is that he almost succeeded. He sent numerous air mail special delivery letters to members, requesting their signatures and enclosing an envelope, stamped with air mail special delivery postage, addressed to the official editor. All the suckers had to do was sign their names, seal the envelopes, and mail them. *And some of them did!*

Lindberg reckoned, however, without consideration for President Whitbread's Constitution Committee. This body took immediate action: to write each of the signers who were members stating that:

Number
Five

Salvo!

#455
April
1951

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SEATTLE AMATEUR

January 1951

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Vol. 48, No. 1

THE TOUCH OF WINTER

Margaret Ann Rose



IT WAS the 23rd of December and we had been waiting anxiously for snow that did not come. Every other day since the first of the month the weatherman had predicted it, but still the temperature refused to hit the proper lows, and the sky remained clear. We had long since given up hope of these predictions coming true and resigned ourselves to a Christmas that definitely wouldn't be white, when it happened. We awoke early in the morning to find six inches of it already on the ground, and more coming down in a close curtain of small flakes.

It stopped before twelve and by mid-afternoon had settled into hard white sheets. I had an errand to do, so I bundled up, got my notebook, and stepped out of the house into a dead world. It was as if I had suddenly gone color blind. As far as the eye could see, there was nothing but grey and black and white. The snow had struck and extinguished any bit of color that dared to show itself. There were no lights and no sounds at all. No cars could be heard and no children dashing madly through the drifts. It was too early for the lights to be on or any Christmas trees to be lit up. The only life I saw was a dog that crossed my path and even he was black and white.

It was a weird picture. There was just a little wind to complete the scene. It was soundless but cold. Strangely enough, my feet covered only by open sandals, remained warm, as I chose my way over unshoveled sidewalks, while cold penetrated my heavy coat to chill my body. Then suddenly a light appeared in a window, a warm golden splash, like a half melted lump of butter dropped accidentally into a bowl of frosty white sherbert. A few doors down a couple of children appeared running and laughing, a white and gold collie pattered excitedly along behind them. An automobile came swirling through the snow. The day was at last retreating, now many lights showed, more cars appeared bearing home tired workers. The power of the dead winter scene was challenged. Then the people retreated, the sounds died out, and the lights were shadowed and blended with the night. Again nothing remained but grey and black and white. The touch of Winter.

IDEALISM

By Geo. J. Chandler

THE little ruby light
Burns bright on altar white
Of Israel's ancient shrine
To show that man is divine
By Godly fatherhood
And heritage of the good.

HUS on the altar of the soul,
Akin to a glowing coal,
There shines a light to inspire,
An ideal's resplendent fire
To bring a boon to the night
And to the day supreme delight.

SEATTLE AMATEUR

March 1951

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Vol. 48, No. 2

WHEN IT'S SUMMER IN SAINT JOHN

FROM the far oceans the cool, salt breezes blow, when it's summer in Saint John! While the rest of the continent sweaters, the steep streets that lead to the sea are wind-swept and fragrant with the scent of the tides. Built firmly on a rock, Saint John is a sprawling, quaint city, with quays strung along its boundaries to moor the giant liners from afar, who come with lights aglow and proud prows lifted to anchor, at peace, where the green hills rise above the blue, blue sea.

Fog blows in, once in a while, like grey scarves from about mermaids' throats, and what on the earth is better than to walk with a lover down the deep dark streets, and feel the fog like a kiss against your eyelids, and happiness like a chord sounding in your heart?

Like pilgrims to their Mecca, the heat-weary tourists come, when it's summer in Saint John, to park their loaded cars, often trailers, beside the coolness of the Atlantic, and drink thirstily of beauty that catches at the heart. Very near to the city are broad sandy beaches, where grey rocks jut into the creaming surf, and sand-pipers mince below the tide-streak. Here the travelers are refreshed, plunging like delighted children into the stinging spray, gamboling and cavorting in the heavy swell. Later, when the stars blossom like pin-pointed jewels above Mispec, tiny fires glow along the shore, and there is the drift of singing, and content is like a thing you may touch.

To stand on a high hill in the morning, with the sun striking flame from the portholes of a homeward-bound steamer, to smell the moist grass, and the salt wind, to feel the springy turf beneath your restive feet, to glimpse gulls wheeling, wings glinting . . . this is to remember. To walk in the rain, past lighted windows, feeling mist on your cheeks, and in your lashes; watching cars pass like spectres; to hear afar the deep-throated homing call of a ship . . . this is not to forget—not ever to forget!

Inland cities are sheltered and fair, but give me the steep streets, the familiar streets; the fishing boats rocking like cradles in the swell at sundown, salmon glinting in the laden nets; harbor water splashing, splashing at rotting piles in an abandoned wharf; far-sighted men in navy blue whistling as they pass; a ship's dance, perhaps; the romance of foreign things brought for a girl's admiration.

Here in this calm city in its interior valley, I close my eyes in the darkness and fancy I hear a fog-horn blowing, ship's bells as the captain signals full astern, the deep bray of a bustling tug as she hurries about her business of piloting liners to safe anchorage . . . I fancy I can see the light from Partridge Island flashing its bright, regular beam to say that all is well. I think I am a child again, gathering shells on the flat rocks, and sea-weed, my feet twinkling in small blue pools left when the tide went out. . .

Fair, it is, and wondrous, and with me till I die—Saint John, my home, no matter where I go. You who may, go there sometime and bask in her beauty. Once you have climbed the steep streets, stood on Fort Howe and watched the ships,

SEATTLE AMATEUR

May 1951

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Vol. 48, No. 3

WINTER EVENINGS

"The contemplative life is a thing of the past," says a newspaper columnist, "What with the radio, the television, and a movie picture show around the corner—the quiet evening with a good book seems gone forever!"

Such a generalization is only partly true as the editor of this journal and I can attest. We still enjoy an evening of contemplation, cozy with a book, which Anatol France calls "a series of printed pages—essentially only that. It depends on the reader whether the book be dull or brilliant."

BOOKS being our subject, one quote from Balzac, who authored fifty books for that posterity who relish an evening of contemplative luxury, should fit the picture: "It is true that I go out but little, and sit at my work twenty hours at a time."

What am I reading these winter evenings, you ask? I answer, "about five, as usual, for that is my method."

After 25 years I have finally gotten into Hegel's *Philosophy of History* . . . which is a mighty tome any way you hold it. One chapter at a session is sufficient.

I recently finished Voltaire's conception of history, and the philosophy derived from it—a witty and amusing study, written long years before anyone bothered with the *Philosophy* to be found, if any, in *History*.

Last night I thoroughly enjoyed two tales from *The Best of Science-Fiction, 1950*, . . . a delightful escape from mundane Earth. New inventions and the scientific basis underlying this new genre are the reasons for my interest. Astounding fiction, background scientific, space ships speeding into the remoteness of deep blue infinity!

Within easy reach I see a neatly bound volume, the Thrift-Edkins *Aonian*, most luxurious of all amateur-journalists' publications. Quite frequently it is my pleasure to read and reread this beautiful book.

Off and on, for informative reasons, I dip into a work on Roman life and early centuries, *Roman Antiquities* by Prof. Anthon (Harpers - 1851).

Here of late weeks, I have taken time to slowly absorb the luxury of Arthur Quiller-Couch's *Adventures In Criticism*, a noble book by one of the world's best literary critics.

So far I have only fanned the pages of Robert Graves' *Occupation: Writer*, Ouspensky's *Tertium Organum*, Dunham's *Man Against Myth*, and a dozen more.

Such are my reading habits—and the man who thinks my contemplative evenings are gone for ever is nutty as a fruit cake. So, having written these few lines to please old Doc Noel, that merry old soul, you will excuse me while I get into slippers and dressing-gown. I'm going to join the Interplanetary Control tonight, sailing in the rocket ship *Arrow* bound for Venus—a mere 26 million miles out there in the blue.

EARLE CORNWALL.

UNITED STATES VS. MEXICO

(AS TOLD TO — L. R. HASTINGS)

In this manana land, with the sunshine and flowers and music, writing is too much of a burden.

My other invasions of Mexico never reached this far south and I never before

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June 1951

A CO-OPERATIVE HOBBY JOURNAL

Vol. 48, No. 4

COSMIC PHILOSOPHY

MAN as we know him today has had a long history as well as has the earth which is his home. We in modern times know relatively little of man's history. These sacred books of preceding civilizations at certain epochs have been destroyed. These books undoubtedly told something of man in his past before our present civilization came into being. At recurring intervals of something like six thousand years most of the records of man as well as the civilization itself are obliterated. This period of time is one quarter relatively of the time it takes the sun with the earth and other attending planets to travel around its focal center. This period of time is 25,920 years and is one of the cosmic yard sticks by which time and space are measured. There are other yard sticks of much greater extent as well as the smaller ones that we use every day, such as the year, the month and the day. But all are based on the cosmic movements of the suns and planets about us.

We have traditions and folklore stories of civilizations of previous man such as the destruction of Lemuria and the sinking of Atlantis something like 12,000 years past. So thorough has been the obliteration of every thing pertaining to this mighty past that now we have but Tradition and some monuments, for example there are the pyramids, sculpture and stone walls of Yucatan and South America. The Mounds of Ohio and the Mississippi valley. The pyramids of Egypt. One of which hears within itself cosmic records pertaining to the Earth and its relation to the Universe. The weight of the Earth, the polar diameter, its distance from the sun and even foretelling events to come, down to our present era. The knowledge of the builder of the pyramid of Ghiza surpasses that of our present time. It is only in relatively recent years have our engineers and scientists the requisite knowledge to in part understand the structure.

The books in the library of Alexandria Egypt were destroyed either ignorantly or by design. In modern times there was an effort to destroy all books in Germany that did not conform to the Nazi regime. The same thing is now being attempted by communistic Russia—to destroy every thing that is different from their own beliefs and creeds. If their power were to exist for a number of generations their people would have no knowledge of anything different from their own limited knowledge.

The sacred books and Bibles of the past that escaped destruction, falling into the hands of ignorant custodians have through ignorance or design been falsely translated, obscured or mutilated to such an extent that the mass of modern man is left without guidance or direction. And those leaders who attempt to interpret from such falsified records lead their followers into deeper darkness.

However there is "TRADITION" of the first of Humanity. It has been handed down from the most remote times and is the source from which all religions, all philosophies have more or less drawn their inspiration and light.

"Conserved intact to traverse the ages by those who have been its depositaries, it has never ceased to be known and practiced by men of good will who have received its teachings."

Through the ages of darkness it has been veiled by its depositaries. But now

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A CO-OPERATIVE HOBBY JOURNAL

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SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

THE soul of a man cannot be fed
 With a roast of beef and a crust of bread,
 Yet who has more than this to give
 That man's eternal soul may live? . . .

MAN's immortal soul is fed by many things, including a whispered prayer, the tender touch of a loving wife's hand, the laughter of children at play, and, yes, even by a sense of humor. So it was that Doc Noel, the post-office man with the standup hairdo and cheery smile, kept pestering me for an opus on something or other. You see, I, too, am an editor, responsible for the Pacific Northwest News, a quarterly magazine circulating to some 2000 Methodist homes in Washington. Doc assumes that an editor knows how to write, and how wrong he is!

However, here are some rambling thoughts on the state of civilization in general, and me in particular. When in doubt about anything I turn to my Bible for guidance, and my God for strength. And I find therein some stories and situations very like our own. In Old Testament times there were government officials who loved to look any direction that was profitable. There were rulers who mistook military power for security. There were honest men who rose in prophetic judgment upon evil and condemned it. And, there were heroic women who served and shared and had faith. Even as there are today.

Actually, civilization seems to swing between extremes. There were ages when men considered the ways of this world evil and looked only to Heaven for release. Other ages were described as in old England, "soul extinct, stomach well alive". We happen to live in an age which takes this life seriously and doesn't wish to be bothered about eternity. So, we have certain problems.

Any age which bases its hopes on earthly life, becomes an age of relatives. There is no absolute, because all things are seen as transient, and nothing is secure. Honesty becomes a matter of comparison. Men are no longer honest or dishonest. One is 'more' honest or 'less' honest than another. Absolute honesty is unthinkable in such an age because all things are relative. There is no absolute measure or standard, once God is left out of existence. Hence, corrupting things creep in and become respectable if only enough people accept them and condone or do them.

Among America's problems, two stand out in my thinking and praying. One is the widespread belief that you CAN get something for nothing . . . if you know the right people or method. The second is, when you are caught in wrong-doing, you CAN run away from the consequences. Now just pause a moment and think. How often do you try to get something for nothing? Entered any 'give-away' programs lately? Bought any lottery or raffle tickets? Complained about taxes but gladly accepted government help? Laid small bets on golf or bridge or anything? Purchased something wholesale because you 'knew someone'? Deceived a traffic officer?

"Oh," you say, "But that isn't gambling! That isn't bribery, that isn't

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On Poetry — and Writing It

You're leafing through a poetry journal. Your glance is held by a line so poignant, so exquisite in its clarity, that you pause and let the thought it conveys sink deeply into your consciousness. Why, that's exactly the way you felt the night that dashing sergeant said goodbye for the last time before going overseas! You close your eyes, and see again in all their brightness the silvertipped waves breaking gently on the sand in the clear, chill moonlight. You smell the smoke of the driftwood fire he built in the lee of the cliff; hear the far knell of a bell-buoy. ... There is the sudden smart of tears on your cheeks. He was so understanding; and he didn't come back. And all day at the office you're a little pensive, remembering. This, mind you, because you leafed through a poetry journal.

Or supposing you paused to read a scrap of stuff that looked like poetry; set out with alternate rhyme in an even quatrain. You re-read it, frowning, and when you had finished you thought: "Mercy! What can she be like, the author of this tripe? Has she ever felt anything; or is it just that she hasn't learned to write of her feelings? I shan't waste any more time on her stuff, that's sure!"

Why the difference in your reaction? Of course you're right. The secret lies in the emotional response invoked! You don't give a hang for the writer as a person. How can you? He or she is only a name to you. But you do care, and greatly about whether the poem you read will jog your memory into reliving some lovely moment you thought forever gone; or fill you with a faint ennui and a firm resolve to avoid said writer's work in the future!

Now, let's reverse the process. You are the writer! Perhaps you've lived exultantly, vividly; perhaps walked in far places, loved and lost and laughed strange laughter. Maybe you're the sort of person who should wear red scarves and Gypsy bangles and dance to pagan music in the light of a slim gay moon. But can you get that on paper? That, believe me, is the question!

Or suppose that you're a rather mousey sort, lived all your life in the shadow of the town hall, married a dullish man intent on making a living and oblivious to most else, spent your days rearing an equally dull brood of children. It CAN happen you know. But wait. ... Your poetry isn't like that! Scores of ardent readers from one sea to the other turn quickly to your work, in every journal they get, sure of fire and life and a challenge as ringing as the notes of a high pure bell. How do you do it?

Here are a few rules I've garnered in the process of turning out a considerable amount of poetry. I give them to you for what they are worth.

1. Write of universal experiences. There are so many things that appeal at once to the vast majority of your readers. Things like young love, and spring, and parting, the sea and this great land and the forests and the hills, death and struggle and victory. Choose something your reader knows in his own experience, and he will at once align himself with you, almost subconsciously. That is half the battle. To be more explicit, do not devote sixteen lines to a poetical description of your first evening dress u-n-l-e-s-s you can in some way stir the imagination of your reader to such an extent that she visualizes her own.

(To next page)

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November 1951

A CO-OPERATIVE HOBBY JOURNAL

Vol. 48, No. 7

FROM EDEN TO PARADISE

BY RALPH WESTLAKE

Is LIFE futile and tragic? Is it meaningless? Amidst the fruitless efforts, the blasted hopes and blighting disillusionments and sorrows of our mature years, is there any sure anchor to which we may tie our souls?—any tide that we may seek which sets forever in the direction of sunnier seas?

Is there a key to life's mystery which, could we find it, would enable us henceforth to walk as gods through the crumbling debris of crashing institutions? As nation after nation is swept into the whirlpool of social revolution, is there perhaps an inner universe whose gateway we might find, whose veil we might rend?

The story of man is the epic tale of the development of his consciousness, of his psychologic evolution; and his destiny is clearly prefigured in the mirror of the past.

For hundreds of centuries natural man was an instinctive part of nature and his simple consciousness was not different from that of the other higher animals. Man at that stage, embedded in nature, lived in a golden age.

Natural man possessed the reality of religion, the sense of ties binding his inner self to the powers of the universe around him. That was the age of tribal solidarity and of a latent sense of solidarity with nature. Through the evolution of his social habits and religious instincts man began to rise distinctly into the second stage of his psychologic evolution, and eventually became a being of reflection, of self-consciousness.

The mind revolved around a new center; it spun like an eddy around its own axis. It began to lose touch with the larger life which once dominated it; the life of nature, the life of the tribe. The old spirit of unity, of mutual aid and communal property was broken up.

There came an inevitable stage of severance, of division. The magic mirror of the soul, reflecting nature as heretofore in calm and simple grace, was cracked across. Ambition, vanity, the lust of domination, the desire for private property, set in.

The influences of fellowship grew feebler. Man became alienated from his great Mother Nature. He became a creature of fear, wandering in the dread corridors of superstitious animism, a damned soul.

As the demands of self-interest became louder and more insistent, man's instincts were less and less sure. The crisis came; murder arose over property. The Garden of Eden closed its gates behind him. He entered a period of suffering, of labor and toil and sorrow; and in the doleful valley of his long pilgrimage—ever trying through vicarious ritual and creed to regain the lost sense of solidarity and sympathetic understanding—man still remains today.

Thus has the canker of self-consciousness done its terrible work; but it had to be. Through the dismal vale of self-seeking man had to pass, if only to find the true self which was, and which is, his goal.

As with the first blossoming of self-consciousness came the dawn of an immense cycle of experience—a cycle indeed of exile from Eden, yet a cycle necessary and unavoidable—so now the redemption and return to the all-sufficing spirit of nature

SEATTLE AMATEUR

Nov. 1950

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Vol. 47, No. 6

THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF AJ.

Eugene Bertram Willard

AMATEUR JOURNALISM, America's greatest hobby, is a high adventure once we determine to make it that. Too many writers and publishers do not put everything they have into their work as is readily seen in a close scrutiny of the various A. J. publications found in the "bundles." A careful examination of the papers will show that through most of the literature written and published there seems to be a woeful lack of a *dynamic Americanism* girded by a *sincere spirituality*. This may sound like "big talk" to some of our amateurs but if we make an analysis of it we will find our selves on solid ground.

Printing and issuing a journal is not the whole story by a long shot. We must devote more attention to human problems as they affect us today and tomorrow and this requires members of the hobby to be God-fearing Americans first and last. We have a few of these but our hobby as well as the country can stand a good many more.

Fronting the claimant duties of AJ. is the steadying of our spirits with realization of the great untapped power available to us if we will only go steadily about our appointed tasks in the great adventure of AJ. We live in a time of grave crisis. Many of the younger amateurs will be called to the colors. We must keep this in mind as we plan our writing and publishing programs; as we accept our new responsibilities, be we young or old, we will also have to accept some rigorous consequences of responsibility. Only in this way will AJ. prove the great adventure that it is.

(1951 and 1952 will be the decisive years in the history of the world and of every individual therein. Either humanity will be permitted to go on to greater accomplishment or it will be wiped out completely.)

THE CRISIS IN THOUGHT

E. B. Whiting

Change your thoughts and you change the world. Your world is never anything but what you think it is. The world which a pessimist sees is an entirely different world from what the optimist delights in. Our ideas of reality is largely founded on our habits of thought. We allow other people to create our world for us in so far as we accept their suggestions of various sorts. Generally your religion is real to you largely because you have accepted the suggestions in childhood of other people. The former generation suffered mental tortures in the fear of a hell which had no existence. The Christian Scientist thinks all is good. The insane are often happy because they live in an unreal world of their own imagining. So the changing of the outer world by our thoughts must be done carefully and sanely between the

San Francisco Evening Lamp

A Journal of Reflection

This Is No. 1

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

July, 1951



THE HIGH PLATEAU

Emma Ring Daly

Here where ancient beauty dwells
Mystery shrouds the temple bells;
Silent pueblos come and go
Cloistered chapels fade below.

Burros stride the beaten track
Each one saddled with his pack;
Phantoms plod the high plateau
Cloistered chapels fade below.

Weird, they rumble down the years
Wheels that brought the pioneers;

Covered wagons row on row
Cloistered chapels fade below.

Speeding autos now replace
Rumbling wheel and plodding pace;
Skybirds shuttle to and fro
Cloistered chapels fade below.

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STARS

H466

"These Blessed Candles Of The Night _____"

Vol. I No. 1

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

October 1951

TWINKLES

A young displaced person, aged eleven was attending for the first time an American school. During the course of the Geography lesson, the teacher asked if anyone in the class could tell her what U.S.S.R. stood for. The displaced person raised his hand gallantly, and then catching the approval of the teacher replied seriously: The Union of Silently Swallowed Republics.

Editorial

A star is a lovely, shining thing, that glows on soft, summer evenings, and in the brisk cold of winter. It has always been a symbol of hope and enlightenment to men. A familiar star is like a warm, roseate light in the window, that welcomes home the traveler. A star is an emblem, a mark of all that is beautiful.

I hope that STARS vivifies its name, that it will always contain all types of stars: the beautiful, the twinkling, the merry, and the inspirational.

It will always be my desire to make certain that nothing ever despoils the purity and the radiance of the stars.

Mary J. Mahoney

Editor

9 South St. Ct.

Lynn, Mass.

BELATED THANKS, LOVE, AND KISSES TO ALL THE CONVENTION DELEGATES

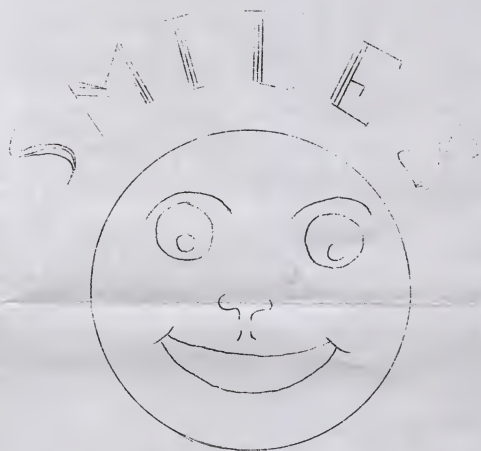
I'm a bit late, but I'd like to thank all of you for making the the convention a success. Even those of you who were unable to attend reassured us with your telegrams, your kind words, and, of course, your generous donations. There is no need to tell you of the special kindnesses of our beloved officers and our good friend of the Alumni, Charles Heins.

My personal thanks go to Eddie Daas and the lovely Grace Moss. You will all agree with me, I am sure, that we have a fine new president in William Wallace Ellis. Of course, everyone is of common consent in praising Larry Doucette for the wonderful job he did as chairman of the convention committee. Am I going to leave out Jack Quigley? I should say not! He did a magnificent piece of work as presiding officer of the convention, even though he claims that it isn't in his line of work.

We said good-bye with regret to Bertha Mason, Esther Spearin, Smoky, Lucille Bratz, Margaret the "Piano Player Extrordinaire," Irene Boylan, George Boehme (how do you pronounce your last name George?) Mrs. Heins, Mrs. Ellis, and her charming daughter Vivian.

If I've left out anyone, forgive me, I'm running out of space.

Mary



A UNITED AMATEUR

PRESS

ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION



"Sorry to
leave you
Bear Town!"

SMOKE RINGS

"ORIGINAL TELEVISION FROM COAST TO COAST"

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

PAUL STEFFENS, EDITOR

RT. 1, WALNUT, KANSAS

BOSTON INTERLUDE

The Boston Convention now is past history and recorded in the September Bundle by our secretary, Eddie, and by Helen Meins in the last issue of The Phoenix. What made The Boston Convention outstanding over former ones, was the setting of the stage. Boston and its surrounding teems with historical sights, buildings and homes of famous, literary personalities.

For old Smokey it was a dream come true. First sight of the Atlantic. My vacation trip lasted three weeks. Like a telegram it was full of... stops and dashes... I left home in a down pour of rain, Monday Aug. 27th. Stopped in Kansas City at Belle Mooney's... to find out why she was 'a-missin' the convention. Next stop in Chicago to surprise and say how-are yah to the Milwaukee bunch at the YMCA Hotel where an organization of a Chicago Club was in progress. Next place to stop was at Detroit... to talk shop with Orma McCormick. She was sick with a pain in the neck. But the way we laughed and talked she should be normal Orma next day.

Also visited my old college class-mate over night in Utica, Michigan. The bus route from Detroit to Buffalo took me across the southern tip of Canada. I was much impressed by the many tobacco fields along the way. The golden weed was ripe and ready for the smoke house, to be fire cured.

There is no need for me to go into detail about the convention. Lady Luck was with me for I met a Bostonian Business Man on the bus. He landed me at a subway terminal and directed me to Kemore Square one-half block from the hotel, where everything was fresh including price, except the waitress and Smokey. I got lost only once in the subway, when Lucille didn't keep her eye on me, and it scared her out of a year's growth. As a whole the convention was a howling success, judging by the applause the speakers and entertainers got from the audience.

After 4 days of business and sight seeing I stopped for a day in New York city, navigating around Manhattan Island. A noteworthy sight was the S.S. QUEEN MARY... floating palace of the high seas... with her seven decks. My next stop was Washington, D.C. First day I took a trip to Baltimore, Md. to see the harbor, the ship yards and the sight of old Port Henry. Half a day was spent going through our capitol. Without a guide like pretty Betty McKenzie a person would get lost and see little of the capitol's splendid interior, and the purpose of the different chambers and halls. The Hall of the Supreme Court - a new building is one of the finest architectural design and material in Washington. An afternoon was devoted to one of seven Smithsonian Institute Buildings. After closing time (4.30 P.M.) I had barely time to get in line for the last elevator trip to the top of Washington Monument. From that 550 foot elevation a person has a glorious sight of the whole city, the Potomac River and the Lincoln and Grant Monuments. The third morning I went to Mt. Vernon to see how General Washington lived and the place where he

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April 1952

"... and fools hate knowledge"—Prov. 1:22

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The Graveyard of the Pacific

By William H. Matthews



THE GRAVEYARD of the Pacific as the West Coast of Vancouver Island is often called, is, I suppose, the least known section of the North Pacific Coast between Alaska and Mexico. Nearly everyone knows that the West Coast is noted for its wrecks but few realize that it possesses some of the finest scenery on the coast. Perchance then, kind reader, you will accompany me on an imaginary cruise up the West Coast.

White settlers we find are few, and therefore there are few docking facilities for steamers. Ergo, the usual procedure is to anchor off a village and whistle for the Indians to come out in canoes and take off freight or passengers, which they do when they get good and ready. Nowadays it is an unusual sight to see passengers, desirous of landing, climb down a ladder over the ship's side and drop off into a canoe. If the passenger is a lady the situation is tense.

As we suddenly turn a corner in Barclay Sound we come upon the Pacific cable station perched upon a high bluff. The station is named after a certain Bamfield, the first pilot in those waters. However, one morning Bamfield's canoe was found drifting empty down the Sound and as he appeared no more among the Sons of Men it is supposed he was murdered by Indians.

Further down the Sound we enter the Alberni Canal, a beautiful, winding stretch of water—quite natural and not artificial as the name might imply. About half way down the Canal we have the unique experience of passing through Hell's Gates—an experience we may never go through again. From a beauty standpoint the Alberni Canal has nothing on the Tahsis Canal further up the coast. Here for a considerable distance the steamer finds her way through a channel so narrow that at every turn we expect to be crushed between the timber-clad hills on either hand. So calm is this arm of the ocean that the hills around are perfectly mirrored on its surface.

Of all the localities on the coast of Nootka Sound is here most interesting. Here in 1778 the famous English explorer landed and was cordially entertained by Chief Mahilita whose subjects afterwards carved a very elaborate totem pole to commemorate the event, and the pole still stands guard over the Chief's House. On top is mounted a grotesque figure of Captain Cook in full uniform. One thinks it is doubtful if the captain would feel honored by it. Here during the Spanish days flourished the most important settlement along the Pacific Coast, although practically no trace remains. Here was launched the first ship ever built on the Pacific. As the present is an age of shipbuilding we look with interest for the remains of the first shipbuilding works but find none, the site now is occupied by the mission church. Here also stands a monument witnessing the fact that the representatives of England and Spain at Nootka once signed a famous treaty.

As we stroll about the quaint Indian village we notice the squaws preparing the winter's supply of salmon. The fish are scraped and cleaned, then placed in a split stick to smoke over a fire. We presently watch a very ancient Indian squaw

SEATTLE AMATEUR

June 1952; Vol. 49, No. 4 " . . . the truth shall make you free—John 8:32."

... PERSONAL ORBIT ...

MANY of us today have the habit of pointing accusingly at national figures in high places, blaming them for all the ills that beset us. Very well, let us blame them, and hold them responsible too, for the specific evil or wrong of which they are guilty. But let us not forget that individuals in high places are not so very different from persons anywhere. We are all human beings. Those in high positions, however, have the added burden of having their personal weaknesses brought under the glaring beam of the public spotlight; their faults of weakness magnified a thousandfold by the weight of their responsibility. It is a peculiar trait of human nature that we seldom give attention or credit to the statesman or public official who performs a duty with strength in spite of the adverse criticism of pressure groups. Actually, such a performance of duty is a heroic deed.

Unfortunately, many "top officials" are simply ordinary folk with but mediocre stamina who find themselves catapulted out of their natural orbit of duty into prominent and important positions, illprepared for the weight of grave responsibility which has suddenly become theirs. The question is: how to prepare oneself for the greater call of duty which any one of us at any time may be called upon to perform?

Our personal orbit is that sphere of influence which is intimately and peculiarly our own. It is that radius of action in which each one of us—so-called little people—finds himself placed in life. There is no more important goal in life than the performance of duty—the duty which is ours because that duty is within our personal orbit; that is in our work, in our families and in our relationship with all those beings who come within our personal range of life.

In the Scriptures we read: "Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone." Certainly it is not fair to point the accusing finger of blame at the man in high position who makes what may seem to him a small compromise, and who then finds himself in public "hot water" because of it; or to be over-critical of the one who may occupy a position superior to our own, when at the same time in our own smaller orbit we are ready to side-step the rules, wink at our own compromises, turn out slovenly work in the shop or office, and weakly pass the buck to another! Every duty faced and conscientiously performed in our own small field of action slowly and inevitably builds the character that prepares us for the proper facing and performance of the duty of greater responsibility that may one day be ours.

It is not a difficult feat of the imagination to visualize the effect of the force created by even a few thousand "little people" who live strongly within their own personal orbit. That force would soon radiate out and modify the attitude of tens of thousands of others, silently inviting them to do likewise. Finally, this moral force would well up through the various grades of our social structure and in the end reach the top and create a sort of spiritual demand for nobler action on the part of our high national officials. Thus, when we hear the cry on all sides that the world is in a deplorable state and that there is nothing that we can do about it, we know there is *something* we can do about it; Each one of us can live in strength and integrity within our own personal orbit.

EARLE C. HOSTLER. From *Sun Rise*.

SEATTLE AMATEUR

July 1952; Vol. 49, No. 5 "Sun to rise on the evil and the good."—Matth. 7:45

Pico Bolivar . . .

AND so we took to the hills. It started innocently, as those things will: Alan idly mentioned one day that we were disappointed because we hadn't been able to camp out on a recent week-end trip. Wally, geologist and would-be Alpinist, told Alan that he didn't know we were interested in that sort of thing. The next thing we knew we were going on a trip to Pico Bolivar, some 16,500 feet high and any other mountains we had time for.

Always willing to try anything twice, we started off in our little black beetle loaded down with just about everyone's provisions, tents and sleeping bags. The car got there without mishap. The next morning, we started from Merida, at about 5,000 (we have all become very height conscious) and went up to about 14,000 that first day. There were six in our party and part way up we met with our two guides. I have concluded after careful observation that what distinguishes an enthusiastic climber from the rest of us drayhorses is that he has a passion for going up, any place so long as it's up. Consequently I calculate we lost about 4 hours each and every muscle-straining day going up too soon and then either climbing every rocky ridge in the path to our true route (great sport for mountain goats) or coming down and trying again.

We had ridden mules most of the way. Amazing how quickly one gets fond of the ornery critters. We took to naming ours as the hours rolled by. I remember one as Ferdinand, because he was always holding up the parade to take surreptitious nips at the passing shrubbery. The first 500 feet outside of Merida I walked. It was straight down a slope of loose-piled rocks, and although I was quite sure my dainty white beast was surer-footed than I, I had no such confidence in my ability to hold on at such a jolting angle. Later on my ability was tested on much more precipitous slopes and under much more exciting circumstances, but that was some seven days later when I no longer attached the great value to my neck I possessed at the beginning of our exodus!

My mule had one outstanding characteristic: when ever there was a choice of paths he chose the one that tiptoed delicately on the outside. He evidently had no fear of heights; and I decided I had better not either.

The cold that first night was intense. I huddled near the fire as soon as it was built and thought bitter thoughts. Sample: of all the tomfool things you've ever done, this is it, you old Nanny goat you. But with mornin' and sun, even though the cold didn't let up until a couple of hours later, I realized that there was nothing else to do but struggle on.

Seven days of it. The first three days I counted those left until I would be clean and warm. One night, after our usual diet of canned meats, dried soups and tea, I went to sleep thinking of fresh strawberries.

Well, to get back to the actual climbing: the second day was the first real upward grind and we were all glad when the day came to an end even if we did not reach our planned campsite. We set camp in a high snow-filled pass called the Emplanada de Espejo. Joe was quite sick from the altitude and we more or less used that as an excuse to stop. Wally was very happy with the spot since it was the

SEATTLE AMATEUR

October 1952; Vol. 49, No. 6

"God Is a consuming fire."—Deut. 4:24

Grandfather's Fish Pond

GRANDFATHER'S fish pond was his pride and chief hobby. It was circular in shape, fed from a fresh-water branch. The fish were silver carp and perch. There was an island with cape jasmine bushes surrounding it. On the bank of the pond were bay-wood and other trees.

The pond had great attraction for the small fry. Little girls had to have special permission to visit it but little boys spent much of their time there. A well-beaten path from the house led to the pond, across the lawn and through the grove.

None of the little girls could swim. The pond was very deep, deep enough for "Charlie," our big cousin, to row us around in the bateau.

Many times we would go flying down the path to the pond only to be halted, almost at our goal. "Big boys" (from town) were in possession!

There would be frantic yells: "Go back, don't you dare come here!" This was followed up by handfuls of small pebbles which fell at our feet. This meant that they were going to jack-knife off the spring board in the nude. It always put us in a small rage, but all we could do was to stick our tongues out, turn swiftly and run home to tell our grievance to anyone who would listen.

Came a time when our next door neighbor complained that our pond "made mosquitoes." They lived quite a distance away, equal to about three city blocks! But Grandfather said he would not keep anything that was a nuisance to his neighbors. He cut the pond. Again our only retaliation was to stick our tongues out at the neighbor's children whenever we met and yell yah, yah! at them.

When the water was cut off the poor fish went swishing down the branch. We caught as many small ones as we could, filled wash tubs, milk pails and even the horse trough; but they all promptly died.

Draining the pond left a sizeable pool. Bye and bye the Negroes asked permission of Grandfather to baptize in it. Now there was plenty of entertainment for us. We attended all the baptismal services, with the boys getting ringside seats by climbing the trees.

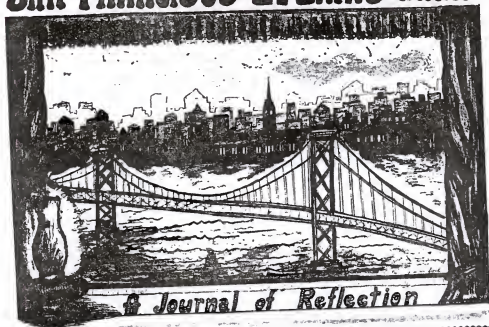
Late Sunday afternoons in summer the Negroes would begin to assemble. It was just as the sun began to decline, sending shafts of light under the trees. Cica-das shrilled. Maybe a hermit thrush would begin his vesper song, and the Negroes' beautiful voices would begin to sing, "Take Me to the Water." It gave a little girl a solemn awed feeling.

Once there was quite a group of women to be baptized. The boys got there early, shinned up trees. On the "island" between the trees canvas had been stretched where the women could disrobe to don the white garments to be baptized in. Just before they began the services some of the elders, and the old Negro preacher spied the boys up in the trees, giggles had betrayed them!

"Here you li'l white boys! Come down from dar! De ladies is gonna disrobe!" "We won't. This is our Grandpa's pound," yelled Ed. "You tell them, Ed," egged on the others.

(Continued on Next Page)

SAN FRANCISCO EVENING LAMP



This Is No. 5

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

July, 1952

Evening Lamplight

The crested waves beat on the sandy shore
And leave their bursting tips of foam at night
Which rise in fog and mist around our door—
But we are lost, reflecting by lamplight.
It is the hour when kindred spirits soar
In meditation, and our souls unite;
For by the evening lamplight joys increase
While crested waves beat high without surcease.

Velta Myrle Sanford

SAN FRANCISCO EVENING LAMP



This Is No. 6

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

August, 1952

Cold Flame

I loved you the first time I heard you speak,
My mind was desolate from lonely days
Wherein were none who knew its language. "Seek,"
My heart had urged, "another mind that pays
Tribute to the same gods." And then you came,
And my heart cried aloud, "This is the one!
This is one at last who bears the name
Signed to your long-due passport to the sun!"

For well it knew, my dear, and so did I,
Your sparkling gifts yet neither of us guessed
(Or if we did, were eager to deny)
How love could beat unheard against your breast,
Or how your mind could flame yet leave no spark
Of tenderness to warm the lonely dark.

Peggy Le Grand



Smoke Rings

PAUL STEFFENS, EDITOR
Rt.1, WALNUT, KANSAS

VOL. 2 - NO.10

APRIL 1952

"ORIGINAL TELEVISION FROM COAST TO COAST"

*** - ***

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ***-***

EASTER SYMPHONY

*

A CROSS of LILIES mark the day,
For Easter Symphonies to play,
And lovely little bonnets new,
Are reverently bowed in every pew.

-Betty M. Tousch

*** - *** - ***

APRIL!

SMOKE RINGS missed the bundle last two months. Although not my same old self, I will try to fill your eyes with smoke as best I can, till I meet you all in Los Angeles at the Convention. All through December and January I had a cold. (Not the kind you buy in the drugstore) Then I got bronchitis. The last Sunday in January I had to consult a doctor. Like a stubborn mule I didn't want to go to a hospital. When the old doctor told me he would get the prettiest nurse to wait on me, I, er, consented to go. An X-ray picture revealed I had Bronchial Pneumonia and I had to stay abed. Betty, the Day Nurse and Mickey, the Night Nurse, were real angels of mercy, with cheerful smiles. Mrs. Thillis was pretty as a picture, a merciless angel with a hypodermic needle.

At sometime or another there is a dark cloud in everybody's life. That was about the darkest one in my life. But like others, it had a silver lining. When I got sick I had no desire to smoke and I haven't smoked for over two months. I had been wanting to quit smoking for some time, but never had the will power to quit. My mother once told me smoking would shorten my life by ten years. So, perhaps if I quit now I will live ten years longer and then I can start smoking again. The reason I didn't send any Christmas Cards was, I had ordered some special ones for my seventy-fifth anniversary, and did not get them until the middle of January.

Smokey Paul and Tailor Maid Mary had no misunderstanding. Mary simply decided to paddle her own canoe. Long live Tailor Maid Observations.

*** - ***

GARDEN SYMPHONY :-

paragraphs.

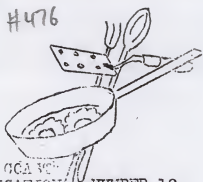
TIP TOP VARIETY:-

Easter Parade is a poem in prose, a painting in

Is tops to the tip of its toes.



SMOKE RINGS



JUNE 1952

"ORIGINAL TELEVISION FROM COAST TO COAST"
VOLUME 2 - A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION NUMBER 12

PAUL STEPHENS, TELEVISOR 0 - 0 Route 1, WALNUT, KANSAS

MEXICAN INCIDENT !

I shall relate a very dramatic incident in the history of my country of which I am very sure very few Americans are aware. It proves, once again, that Americans will always be on the side of liberty! The Knights in Armor willing to shed their blood on any soil, so long as it has to do with the freedom of man.

On April 6, 1866, while the Mexican Republic, with its back against the wall, was so desperately fighting the French army which had come to protect the erstwhile Emperor Maximilian of Hapsburg, by orders of Napoleon III of France, an American merchantman, the "John L. Stephens" loaded with arms and ammunition for the French, sailed from San Francisco, California to Mazatlan on the Mexican West Coast.

An American by the name of Dana, who headed a large American guerrilla group fighting on the side of the Mexicans, was sent by the Mexican Republican General Ramon Corona to Cape San Lucas at the very tip of the Peninsula of Lower California (where the writer lives) where it was believed the "John L. Stephens" would stop for water before going on to Mazatlan.

At Cape San Lucas, Dana and ten American guerrillas boarded the "John L. Stephens" pretending to be passengers. At a given moment Dana whipped out his gun and took the captain prisoner while the other ten men did the same with the crew, the passengers and French officers who were convoying the arms. The whole cargo was transferred to a Mexican schooner and on April 24, exactly eighteen days later, Dana and his men delivered the arms and ammunition to the Mexican Army on the West Coast of Mexico, leaving the French completely cut off from any help, thus bringing about their surrender.

By

Adriana de Zondyelo

Editor's Comment:--(Alias Toodle de doo...Mexican for Old Tin of Tomatos)

This is the only one on Roses I have right now but it is a good sample of Dr. Belle S. Mooney's style of thanking Old Smokey for a Rose nose gay gift.

The beauty of "this blushing dream"
Far surpasses butter and cream.

And one who supposes

Them equal of roses

Is certainly far off his beam.

For me there's nothing like roses
And rating them--Oh holy Moses--

With butter and cream

Would I liberally seem

Mangling all that poetry or prose
is.

Now I'll take the roses

Knowing nothing that grows is

Ever like them--supreme.

So keep your butter and cream

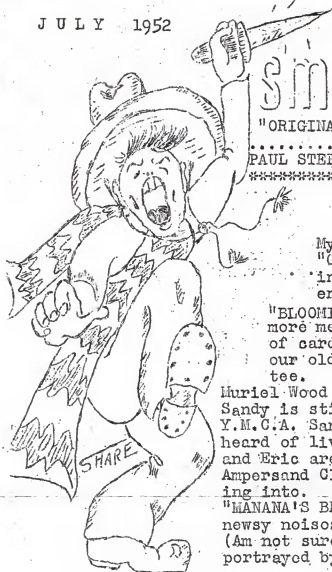
While my blushing line closes...

JULY 1952

VOLUME 3

1477

NUMBER 1



SMOKE RINGS

from

"ORIGINAL TELEVISION FROM COAST TO COAST"

PAUL STEFFENS, EDITOR Rt.1, WALNUT, KANSAS

BUNDLE BUBBLES

My sincere admiration for Betty Dyckman's "GRASS ROOTS" and her masterly entrance into the Bundle with the Ringing of Golden Wedding Anniversary Bells.

"BLOOMING CREATIONS" is read and cherished by more members than is indicated by the number of cards George Palechek got. Sorry to hear our old friend threatens to be a Bundle absentee.

Muriel Wood once more refreshes our memory that Sandy is still roaming the hidden recesses of the Y.M.C.A. Sandy is the only young Mouse Cat I ever heard of living in a Y.M.C.A. It looks like Sandy and Eric are the happiest creatures in Manhattan. Ampersand Closed Doors have Keyholes worth peeping into.

"MANANA'S BREEZE" will freshen the Bundle with newsy noises from our friendly Mexican neighbors. (Am not sure about the friendly (?) Mexican as portrayed by Nancy Share that graces our heading.)

Our Texas Manuscript Distributor, Mary Framo, solved the surplus overproduction of correspondence by typing massproduction answers to letters received. In the snapshot she sent me to hang in my Hall of Fame (for famous AJ females), Mary looks like she has an ideal brain for brainy ideas. Now who would ever 'thunkod-it' but Mary, to dispose of her entire accumulation of back number letters, with a single inkling of her discouraging 'mimoograhicator'?

Smockey was offered free meals; if someone offers him a free ride, he can furnish the free time to go to the L.A. Convention. A Bundle Bomb in THE MAN SAYS:- It was a great favor to receive such a far-flung recognition in one of our leading papers. The bone of contention was discussed in 4 different papers in the Bundle. Even our Secretary does not care for Communist Papers of the Kolinski type. FREEDOM and EQUALITY wants all people to be equal, so all can sit at the table to eat. But who will then do the cooking? Freedom of Press? Counterfitters think so too, but they had better beware how they spend what they press. Russia is a Socialist Republic, but who wants to live in Russia? A world without a national boundary would be a Utopian Mecca for all who claim there is no God. The Bible says, "The fool hath said in his heart 'there is no God.'" Psalm 14:1 - They do not believe in a God as reviled in the Bible because they cannot see Him. But at the same time they believe that they have brains, which they have never seen. The God of all creation is a spirit, invisible and He is eternal. A day before Him is like a thousand years and a thousand years like unto a day.

How him make.
'em Smoke Rings?

VOLUME 3 - NUMBER 2 - AUGUST 1952

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

"ORIGINAL TELEVISION
FROM COAST TO COAST"

PAUL STEPHENS, EDITOR
ROUTE 1,
WALNUT, KANSAS

Smoke Rings



AUGUST, the month of vacations, swimming fools and picnics. - "Hundert grad im Schatten, ein unvertraeg- lich Loss, Wie Gluechlich sind de Ratten, im Kuech- len Erdenschloss."

Old Flynn McEavish dropped a dime in the crack of the sidewalk. True to Scottish thrift, he poked a quarter after it to make it worth while to take up the board and rescue the dime. So, since poverty-stricken writers can scarcely afford 100 bucks to go to Los Angeles merely to elect UAPA officers to make the trip worth the dime they will get their quarter's worth in sight seeing going and coming.

The first thrill will be seeing the cream of Agriculture throughout the Midwest States. South Dakota Badlands, Rushmore Monument, Wyoming home of the Rodeo, Yellow Stone Park with its Geysers, Pools and Waterfalls, Jackson with the most gorgeous Beer Parlor to get a Bottle of PABST and loose our surplus cash at roulette. Then Salt Lake City and a dive into the briny deep if you care to season your swim. On to Bryce Canyon with its picturesque walls and the everchanging panorama of California's di- versified climate and scenery. What a thrill to cross the Golden Gate over the longest bridge in the world. Then Los Angeles, the home of the movies, radio programs. Oh no, Oh my, Oranges to eat, ripe and sweet, right off the tree. What a treat.

Homeward bound past Coulee Dam, an over-nite donkey trip to the bottom of mile deep Grand Canyon where the golden Colorado winds its way. Then get a thrill passing through Bon Arid's awe inspiring cactus studded arid sandy waste, now a brown and barren desert. Unlike the Garden of Eden scenery in Caati Blooming Spring. El Paso Gateway to Souvenir City Juaros, Mexico across the turbulent rushing of the Rio Grande.

The poet's inspiration, Cars-Bad Cavern, the art gallery of the Gods, Old Santa Fe, Taos, Indian Pueblo, the Salt Flats of the Pan Handle staked plains. Then you take a look at Uncle Sam's broad basket over Lake of the Ozark, Bagnol Dam. Eat a snack at Diamond De Lux Lunch. Stop in St. Louis to visit Anheuser-Busch, Forest Park Zoo and see Lu- cille's ancestors. The Jewel Box in Shaw's Garden in Jefferson Memorial. Lindbergh's trophies museum.

The life time supply of poetic material is worth the cost of the trip to Star Lanes, Jingle Belles, Observations, Rediscovery, and even Oima will find something (like the squirrels) to CHATTER about.

May the U.A.P.A. flourish
As long as Kansas grows Sunflowers.
May Kansas wheat our nation nourish
As long as we have sunshine and showers.

Smokey

Smoke Rings

"ORIGINAL TELEVISION FROM COAST - TO COAST"

#479



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

OCTOBER 1952

PAUL STEPPENS, EDITOR
RT. 1, WAIWUT, KANSAS

"Three Years Heap Big Pow Wow!"

This October Issue of SMOKE RINGS is dedicated to our beloved President Emeritus, Rev. Wm. W. Ellis - his Easter Lily and Vivian, the light of his eye.

This month ends 3 years of pleasant memories of association with all of you U A P A members. Your appreciation of my poor attempt at Journalism was shown me by the many cards and letters that filled my mailbox. Aside of cementing a truer friendship, they were the inspiring main-spring to greater efforts in 'try, try again' - reaching the crowning point as a prize winner in Orma's "A.D. 3000." - (Quatrain Contest).

Just a few comments on my observations during the 3 years of my U A P A existence and membership:-

The Los Angeles Convention held recently ended 57 Variety Years of U A P A existence. It would be gratifying to me, if Old Smokey could claim the honor of being the oldest (in years) editor in United today for (2) two years before its existence, my buddy Arthur Rauschelback and yours truly, Old Smokey, edited The Evening Entertainer, the first S.P. G. paper.

After a number of dormant Rip Van Winkle years, thanks to Eddie's and George's 5 Year Plan the U A P A rose Phoenix like from its ashy bier to the top pinnacle of Amateur Journalistic glory.

My candid opinion as to top notch Presidential honors goes to our jolly past president, Irma Reitci, for promoting abundant creative objectives in AJ activities and promoting more local clubs like (?) the one in Milwaukee.

The best thought provoking paper of 1952 was the post card size, "THE FLORIDIAN", February number by Amona Peacock, 1009 W. Burk Street, Tampa, Florida. The subject of the paper was "We Have Only Today". Incidentally Amona was the most heroic publisher in the Bundle.

My sincere sympathy goes out to Bill Ellis regarding his expected blindness. Who knows, but that it may be a blessing in disguise. Remember Milton, the Poet, was blind and he dictated Paradise Lost to his daughter. The glories of our mansions in heaven have never been explored or extolled by any pen of mortal man. The eyes of a poet's soul need no sunlight to brighten his world of imagination. The prayers of the just, in Jesus' name, will work wonders today as it did in days gone by. I know from experience. And Eye Specialists now are curing innumerable cases of cataracts. Cheer up, Bill, we know you will be relieved of the eye trouble and see quite well soon again.

Smoke Rings extends a hearty thanks to George for his services as Mailer of the Bundle and especially his cooperation in promoting its existence. To show my gratitude I will honor him with First Place in October Bundle Bubbles. See other side.

X-PN 4827

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Sagebrush

Volume I

Number 2

ANOTHER NEW JOURNAL

This issue of SAGEBRUSH marks the beginning of my publishing activity in the NAPA. Although I am a novice at editing and printing, I'm sure that with a little experience and a little help from you "old hands", I'll be able to improve.

I want thank the members who sent cards of welcome and copies their of journals to me. It really makes a new member feel that he is really welcome and in many cases will spur him on to greater activity. Try dropping a card or letter to a new member and watch results.

The SAGEBRUSH heartily endorses Robert Holman for president. His success as official editor should be rewarded with this high position. Another deserving candidate is Willametta Turnepseed. Her splendid activity record as well as her surpurb writing qualifies her for the official editorship.

S O U R
GEORGE W. TRAINER, angel or otherwise, is again spreading his so-called good-will and peace by his actions. Borrowing a cut of the official seal of a rival association in July [the AAPA is the association to which I refer, not the UAPA of Asses], he retained said seal in spite of requests to return it until the date of this publication. Undoubtedly he wishes to give up his "activity" in the NAPA to devote more of his "time" to the younger association.

OTES
"FIFTY CENTS," you say, Wesson; is that not right? "Fifty cents by October", Suppose I don't kick in; what happens then? No, I am not kicked out of the association; no, my right to vote is not taken away; I can still run for office; I can still publish a paper. I merely do not receive bundles.

NO 4
"I publish a fifty page paper the size of the New York Times on Babcock Crunch Bond at a total outlay of five hundred dollars. I neglect or forget to send in my fifty and am therefore refused a glance at the bundle.

X-PN 4827

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Sky ocker 2

N.A.P.A. EDITION



February 14



Heard Bonds

X-PN 4827

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SHADOWS



by

G. Wallace Tibbetts



New Florence, Pa.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY L. O. HENDERSON

EDITORIAL

This is the first issue of THE SCOREBOARD to be distributed among the membership of the UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION. I plan to send the official mailer sufficient copies of each issue so that each member will receive THE SCOREBOARD regularly. I hope you will enjoy reading this little publication and also that you will avail yourself of its columns to express yourself -- be it fact, fiction, or rhyme. And, if you have anything to sell or swap, please request a copy of the ad-rates which give complete information including circulation.

A president, two vice-presidents, a secretary, a treasurer, and an official editor -- the key officers of our "United" have been elected....the annual convention held this year at Hotel Empire, New York City, is over....NOW let us ALL make the coming year a bigger and better one for the "United". DO MORE OF EVERYTHING -- writing, editing, publishing.
....your EDITOR

"PUN'S PUN FOR ALL OF THAT"

English essayist Charles Lamb and his sister Mary were out for a stroll one day, when they heard loud and angry shouts. Looking about, the author observed two women, occupants of houses separated by a wide alley, their heads poked out of the windows as they quarreled bitterly.

"What a fight", remarked the writer. "Those two shrews will never get together".

"But why, Charles?" asked his sister.

"They're arguing from two different premises", cracked Lamb.

....from the pen of Edwin L. Brooks



To All Members of the NAPA, UAPA, AAPA—

When THE SEARCHLIGHT was established in 1946, it was distributed through all bureaus. With increasing costs and enlargement, we took to alternating bureaus.

The span of time between "deadline" and final delivery through the bureaus made it discouraging to deal with ajay affairs, news sometimes being ancient history by the time it reached readers.

Also, there was the problem of duplication. We have decided to attempt a solution by mailing direct. We are now entered as second class matter and arrangements have been made to provide active members with subscriptions. But we'd like to hear from you, if you wish to receive the magazine, so please fill out and return the blank, together with any comments you may wish to make. Thanks a lot.—Marvin Sanford.

MARVIN SANFORD,
29-A Parker Avenue,
San Francisco 18, California.

Please put me on The Searchlight mailing list.

Name

Address

City

Zone

State

BE SURE we have your correct address and zone number if any. If you move, furnish us with your new address as postoffice will not forward papers.

—ANY COMMENTS?—

SOLILOQUIES

#487

Published periodically
By: Roland E. Haase
Irmo, S.C.
For U.A.P.A.

Guess its about time for me to
put something in the bundle.
Tis bad to receive all of the
time and not give.

There seem to be a lot of Mimeo
papers in the UAPA - so maybe
I can get by with this mimio mes

But I do want to give the boys &
girls a chance to pick up a
few of the United papers of a
past day.

I wonder if anyone would like
to have the following papers:-

THE SNARK

Issued by the Jack London Club
It contains articles, prose, poetry
and amateur news.

...I wonder if the club is still
in existence?

PEOPLE'S SUN

Haig Anlian was the editor. I do
not know whether he still publish
es of not. Its a paper of comment
and news.

P.E. SCRIBBLER

I can give someone thirteen of the
first issues (Vol. 1 No. 11's missing)
This is high class amateur stuff!
Womder who will get this prize?
First come, first served!

The Literary HERALD

This really is the prize offering
of all the United papers I have
to give away - so I guess it had
better be - write pronto - or a
bit sooner! It is published by
the fellow whose name can't be
pronounced.

The AMARANTH

I have a few issues - Published
by Roy Erford - Nuff said!

THE ALL AMERICAN AMATEUR

filled with comment on amateurs et
interesting statements of various
kinds on a variety of subjects.

The MOUNTAIN TRAILS

Good printing! It is one of the
finest magazines to come out in
the UAPA. Maybe it is no longer in
circulation - at least - I have not
seen any recent issues. This is a
collector's item! I am in position
to give you many copies of early
issues. It was edited and publish
ed by Adams.

I wonder if the boys and girls will
go after these papers???

They ought to pay postage-maybe!

Soliloquies will support the newly
electd officers of U.A.P.A..

Congratulations to every one of y
on your election or appointment!

I will try to soliloquize as often
as time will allow - maybe once in
a month. But that is a job when a
guy is trying to hold down a job,
go to the University for a few of
the classes the U. offers and also
read a book once in a while!

Maybe after a while, Soliloquies
will be able to get some material
from the manuscript bureau or from
some other amateur who will write
a thing or two.

Soliloquies will try to read the
later UAPA publications and give
a review on them in a near future
issue!

Mean-time -Thanks for
reading!

SOLILOQUIES

Vol. 1 No. 2

On
For and about U.A.P.A.

Published periodically - By Roland E. Haase - Irmo, S.C.

In the first issue of S you were offered a number of back issues of some good amateur papers of the past - apparently not many of you care about gathering a collection of papers - on the other hand there may be some that missed the issue of S. that offered them - so here you have another chance! By writing me a postal or a letter you can have these good papers (of a certainty, you will be glad to pay the postage!)

"The Shark" issued by the Jack London Club

"People" Sun - by Haig Anlian

"P.K. Scribbler" - High class amateur stuff!!

"The Literary Herald" - Really a prize offering! A choice collection! First come, first served!

"The Amaranth" - Published by Roy Erford - Ah me!

"The All American Amateur" - good!

"The Mountain Trails" - Fine!

"The Toledo Spectator" - Was published by Dr. Chas. King and was from the beginning one of the best amateur papers printed in the U.A.P.A. - Dr. King is no longer with the U.A.P.A., but he still prints fine papers - whoever writes for these issues and gets them will be fortunate indeed!

book which is out of print now - it can be obtained at only a few places - you may have this rare copy if you bid high enough - have your bid in by July 15!

The name of the book is:-

Cyclopedia of the Literature
of Amateur Journalism

by Truman J. Spencere

Published on the Press of the
Adkins Printing Co.
New Britain, Conn.

Here is also a list of good books that are available - there is no sufficient room to describe all of them - the mere title of some of them ought to interest you - place your bid before the fifteenth (15) of July - highest bidder gets the book he bids on!

"THE SNAKE PIT" by Jane Ward - a
Book of the Month Selection

"Elephant and Castri" by R.C.
Hutchinson - A Book of the
Month Selection.

"Tomorrow Will Be Better" - by
Betty Smith - By the author of
"A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"
"Zotz!" - by Walter Krug - This
is an unusual story!!!

"The Ides of March" - A novel by
Thornton Wilder - Book of Month

"Hiroshima" - John Hersey
A record of the result of the
"A" Bomb
(See next page too!)

For a number of reasons the editor of S. is disposing of his amateur collection of papers and a few dozen books - this has been going on by a very slow process for several years! - So - in that connection you will be able to purchase for a reasonable sum - the highest bidder gets it! A book which every collecting amateur should have - it is the

5 - APR 30

Copy was 1986

Since the question has come up, and since a suggestion that THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET be excluded, and since most certainly similar suggestions relative to me on my article on Palestine will be made, I should like to explain my position on censorship.

Personally I am not in favor of it. Like Mr. Daas I ask who would do the censoring and on what grounds? There are I think some things which all of us would agree are subversive, but also there are many areas on which we would not agree.

Now I do not remember THE PEACEMAKER that was mentioned. Because for some years I have been mailing letters to editors, and am now doing so at the rate of about forty or fifty each month, I get a large volume of mail, some of it I consider crackpot and throw immediately in the waste basket. But I did not consider THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET abusive of anyone, nor crackpot.

Certain facts do exist. The fact is Zionist influence on our Administration exists, and has existed since the days of Colonel House (not his real name, by the way) during the Woodrow Wilson administration. None of us is responsible for the influence save only to the extent that we bury our heads in the sand and refuse to recognize its existence and purpose.

However, to blame all Jews for this is about as sensible as blaming all native born Anglo-Saxon American because some are Communists or fellow-travelers, or just as sensible as to say all Mexicans are hoodlums because some Mexicans here in Los Angeles are just that. We stand or fall by our individual records, not by the race to which we happen to belong.

Equally senseless is the idea that merely because one belongs to a certain race, whatever it be, he is immune to criticize or is above reproach.

There have been from time to time, some papers in the Bundle which have advocated certain political ideas and doctrines with which I am completely at variance. So what?

Personally, I am very happy to see UAPA members realize and discuss the problems which confront the nation. Whether or not I agree with the suggestions or the stand taken by some members is not material. But that they be recognized and discussed by the citizens of the country is vital. And who should be more interested and ready to discuss them than a group that calls itself journalists?

So for whatever my suggestion is worth, lets have more discussion rather than less even though the question be controversial. What question worth wasting time on is not controversial?

Criticize me if you wish, I think I can take it.

Leslie A. Shaw

* * * * *

Where there are no flowers, no trees, no tares,
No birds that sing or brooks that babble;
Where one can find surcease from his cares
And let his thoughts rise above the rabble;
Where he ran the struggle for fame and pelf;
Remembering if there is no peace in this life
There is none in the other;
That life isn't ever anyone for himself
But everyone must help his brother;
Where flowers grow ripe and perfume the air.
Where grasses nod and soft winds sigh,
God often goes walking there -
You can find Him is you only try. Lisle J. Abrams

SCENES & EPISODES

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Leslie A. Shaw, Publisher

122 East Avenue 45, Los Angeles 31, California

5 - APR 30

Copy-----1956

April 1956.

X-PN4827

S

I WONDER

For more miles than I had kept track of, I had been goaded by the strangest, most weird feeling of familiarity with the terrain over which I was driving that I had ever experienced. Finally, almost in desperation, I turned to my wife!

"We've never been here before," I stated in a voice which must have bordered closely on belligerency.

She looked up from the map startled, and a bit angry at my preemptory tone.

"Well, who said we had," she demanded.

I had no answer and lapsed into troubled silence. But that strange, unaccountable feeling persisted.

After some moments of hurt silence she asked, "What made you say that?"

I countered with, "We don't have bronze beech, or scarlet maple, or rail fences and stone fences in Southern California do we?"

"There's some stone fences. But I never saw rail fences or bronze beech or scarlet maple, nor dog wood around Los Angeles. Why?"

"Pictures, then?"

"Maybe. Why?"

"Darn it I know I've never been further north nor east than Chicago. I've never seen trees like these. I guess there are a few stone fences down around Capistrano, and maybe when I was a kid I might have seen a few rail fences, but I don't remember any. Just the same, my back aches from carrying these stones and I can feel blisters on my hands from splitting falls."

My wife smiled. "Imagination," she said.

But I wasn't satisfied.

"The only thing about this trip, or at least this part of it, that isn't familiar," I said presently, "is this pavement and these houses. There's more cultivated farms too, than I remember."

Now I suppose if my wife were the typical wife of fiction, she would have looked at me solicitously and very tenderly asked, "Don't you think we better rest a while, Leslie? You're all worn out." However, she said nothing of the kind.

What she did say was, "Now don't come Elizabeth on me."

Elizabeth, incidentally, is a cousin of mine. She believes completely and implicitly in reincarnation. We've had lots of arguments about it. "Heck," I tell her, "if a fellow could come back and start off where he quit, I could see some sense to it. But if he's got to come back and start all over from scratch again, what's the idea? I don't get it." And there the argument ends. She's never made a believer of me, and I can't make a disbeliever of her. So we call it quits.

"You see that curve up there about half a mile," I asked my wife.

THE
CORDUROY
PATCH

APRIL

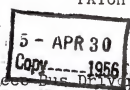
THE
CORDUROY
PATCH

APRIL

THE
CORDUROY
PATCH

THE
CORDUROY
PATCH

THE
CORDUROY
PATCH



"SOME DAY EVERYTHING WILL TURN OUT RIGHT"

- or -

"What's up Doc!"

So I'm drivin' me bus out Oakland Avenue when this doll comes up to me to make with the loose talk. Now I don't mind the doll. But it's the loose talk that gets me all rattled. Ahem! And I'm thinkin' to meself as I pulls up to Hampton Avenue and calls out,

Hampton Avenue
Hampton Bus Line
Deaconess Hospital
Stock N' Shake
DeBelivere Strip
Art Museum
Forest Park Zoo and adds.....

That's it folks.. the FOREST PARK ZOO
Let's all take a look at the monkeys....and
Let the monkeys look at you.

For if I was Bridey Murphy....I could leave it all now and come back later.

Gee...just to think I might come back as a monkey. And when people came to look at me...golly....I could jibber with loose talk and never know what they thought...and they would never know what I was jibbering.

For it is the loose talk that gets folks into trouble. The constant running down of your fellow-men, that finger-pointing technique of twisting words around...exaggeration...lies...hatred.... prejudice....

It is this kind of stuff that can defeat the high purpose of our wonderful organization. And it is up to each individual to stop loose talk....although some are inclined to think that such suppression belittles personal opinion. But there is a difference between personal opinion and personal prejudice, malice aforethought, scheming, planning to oust members because of intensity of human bickerings, always afraid of what others may say unless lies forestall the truth.

Reading Matthew 5:11 and Matthew 5:44 gives one the courage to continue hard efforts. And if members will look into the old copies of THE CORDUROY PATCH they will review words that said HAVE FUN FIRST.... and set monetary gains last. For disappointment can turn what once was friendship into a sadistic type of vicious antipathy....regretably.

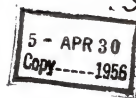
So I'm driving me bus into WESTROADS...making small talk with this doll and remembering that small talk means nothing...and a good laugh means a whole lot if it means making a moment lighter and someone else happier. See you in New York folks! But please...no fingerpointing!

1492

X-PN4827

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For detailed information write;
 Mrs. Wm. F. Paris, President, S.I.D.A.
 "Five Acres"
 Greenwich, New Jersey.



Spring 1956

"SHUT-IN'S DAY IS ON THE WAY!"

Each year in June, the first Sunday,
 Is set aside to cheer,
 The shut-ins and the handicapped
 Who hover far and near.
 Some are crippled, and in pain'
 Many must in bed remain'
 Others need a helping hand
 And ask that YOU will understand.
 Please send a card, or little gift,
 And give the handicapped a lift.
 Take someone to church, Sunday'
 Remember shut-in's when you pray'
 On "Shut-In's Day," please offer cheer'
 And don't forget throughout the year,
 They look to YOU to share the light.
 Please, won't you offer sunshine bright?
 God will bless you when you pray,
 And help another on life's way!

"HELP THE HANDICAPPED HELP THEMSELVES!"

"REMEMBER SHUT-IN'S ON "SHUT-IN'S DAY"

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN JUNE!

PLEASE DON'T FAIL TO SEND CHEER EACH DAY!

REMEMBER SHUT-IN'S WHEN YOU PRAY!

THANK YOU!

WON'T YOU HELP THE SHUT-IN'S DAY ASSOCIATION SPREAD
 THE NEWS OF SHUT-IN'S DAY? THE FIRST SUNDAY IN JUNE?

PLEASE DO! THANKS!
 Sincerely,

Mrs. Margie Zimmerman
 2534 East Norris Street
 Philadelphia 25, Penna.
 Representative S.I.D.A. Kensington,
 Phila., 25, Pa. Area.



SPIRIT

#493

OF

MAY 23
COPY 1936Volume 1. Number 1
MAY 1936

ST. LOUIS

Editor: Ruth Loggans

Co-publishers: Eva Downing - 2630 Badiott Ave., St. Louis 21, Missouri
Al H. Edori - 10155 Bon Oak, Ferguson, Missouri

INTRODUCING - "SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS"

Introducing the "SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS" in the May issue of the Bundle. The SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS commences the unconquerable ambition to accomplish the seeming impossible flight by Charles A. Lindbergh from New York to Paris in MAY 1927. Why the SAINT LOUIS UNITED AMATEURS be as progressive in this paper, edited for the sole purpose of publishing the works of SAINT LOUIS UNITED AMATEURS.

MOTHER OF YESTERDAY

Tribute to Mothers

The beauty of your face, O Mother
of mine,
Calm, serene, in this age of
declining time
Stirre to rend the vow of
untried youth,
When I so pitifully young and
uncouth
Saw the world as an arena for
life's game
Of skill in which I'd win a
lasting fame.
Ah, eager youth so innocent in
intent, born
Stripped for action, uttering
challenging
Cry, joyfully accepting the simple
robe
Offered by earthly progenitor.
Springing
From the pulsing blood stream of
yesterday's
Mother, was inherent strength for
the glad day
When girding the robe around you,
with open arms,
You went forth to meet destiny
half way.

by Eva C. Downing

In his babyhood, watching your
precious charge,
Often too tired to raise your
head
You suffer alone in your dread
of losing
This tiny bit of heaven; soft,
pink and fragrant
As rose petals, lying in your
arms.
Formerly lionized in gorgeous
frocks
Or tailored slacks. You don
blue jeans
For tubbing endless stacks of
diapers
And small clothes necessary to
his welfare.
You scrub, you bake, you sow,
you doctor.
Flutter in and out of school
At the cry of despair or
victorious shout.
It hurtles you to keep pace
With flying years, sunshine and
tears,
So swiftly they pass. The
'Chicks' are ready
To leave the nest before time
allows
You a backward glance.
And throughout you are completely
unaware
In all your groping, for new
ways
To cry a firm 'Yes' or 'No' for
faith to endure;
For wisdom to guide; for love
to gentle hurts;
That in you a symbol, is framed
The world's most beautiful
picture
The world's richest work of art
.. MOTHER.

by - Eva C. Downing.

THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL PICTURE

- A MOTHER -



THE SAINT LOUIS UNITED AMATEURS
WISH TO EXTEND BIRTHDAY GREETINGS
TO ALL MAM. MEMBERS WHO HAVE A
BIRTHDAY IN JULY.
GO TO NEW YORK IN JULY - AND VOTE
FOR CONVENTION HEAVEN - SAINT
LOUIS IN 1937.

From the Editor: - Many thanks
to Eva Downing and Al Edori for
making this issue possible.

N4827

H494

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SEATTLE AMATEUR

OCT 22

1957

(Sic itur ad astra.)

Volume 54

SEATTLE, WASH., DECEMBER 1957

Number 5

THE BISHOP'S CHAIR

QUOTED from *The Art of Worldly Wisdom*, translated from Spanish text by Martin Fischer, doctor, and professor in the University of Cincinnati.

"Do not be the cause of embarrassment to yourself, or others. There be men who offend the decencies, as much their own, as those of others, and always foolishly; they are met with easily, and parted from with difficulty; no day complete for them without its hundred annoyances; they have a humor for nothing, and so they gainsay everybody, and everything; they put on their understanding wrong side to, and so condemn everything. But the greatest traducers of the mind are those, who unable to do anything well themselves, call the efforts of others worthless. And this explains why there are so many beasts in the wide pasture of folly."

Baltasar Gracian wrote the foregoing in "A Truth-telling Manual" in 1653. The wise statement is as true today as it was three hundred years ago.

There have been times and distances within our memory when some amateur press association members have embarrassed others and have willfully given offense for no apparent reason except a desire to condemn and annoy fellow members; such traducers threaten the existing spirit of fraternal friendship, which is the lifeblood and soul of amateur journalism, it is the force and power that sustains us. Without that fraternity the will to help and

guide new or younger members would be absent; at the same time the spirit to excel would wither and die on the vine. Friendly rivalry cannot exist if every effort to surpass another's poetry or prose is called worthless or damned by faint praise.

Every professional critic will make it a point to see something "good" in a current book, the latest play or in modern painting—defects may be mentioned, but that is not the "be all" and exclusive vision of accurate and fair criticism. If an amateur critic has no other purpose than fault-finding he will not be successful, he will miss many worthwhile and interesting passages and highlights; moreover opportunities to encourage amateur printers and writers will be missed.

Men have withdrawn from amateur press organizations because they were not satisfied with the products of their fellow members; they have joined with other dissatisfied women and men, new societies or clubs have been formed, by and large such reformed or refined associations have not been successful for many years. We require all kinds and types of interested individuals as members of our hobby associations. Sometimes we lose sight of the value of inactive readers—where would our organizations be without the ever patient readers? They take considerable nonsense, first and last, and

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Published by: Dr. Norma Anne Kinkaid
832 Oakwood Ave.
Columbus 6, Ohio

5 - DEC - 6

Copyright 1957

Issue No. 6

For AAPA, NAPA, UAPA and PAPA (British)

VACATION IS OVER... Mine went by very hurriedly. I TWA'd by Jetstream to London, England and then a whirlwind tour of nearby cities, visiting in homes of friends made on former visits, lecturing at church and Mailbag Club groups, etc. BAPA tried hard to get me in touch with some members, but I left too early for their convention, and for some reason missed the AAPA conclave also.

WHEN IS AN AMATEUR PROFESSIONAL?

That is a personal problem of mine, and I'd like to hear about what you think on this situation. I earn my living by writing Advertising, and preparing printing specifications, for a large Publishing firm. I've been a free lance writer (with some sales to my credit) for many years. For 7 years (in my spare time) I've edited a monthly magazine for the INTERNATIONAL MAILBAG CLUB, INC. without any pay. Now just recently, under the non de plume of "Brownie Blue" I've taken over a column in SYSTEM MAGAZINE, which is a mailorder publication. I've written several books on travel, religious education, etc. Now--I've never had any training in journalism or advertising, but just "like to write", and have been moderately successful at it. I claim I'm still an amateur, for I don't do it full time or make a living at it..nor do I have any indication that I could stand it to go into full time (although I have a hunch I'd like to try, if I could find a good fairy to wave up a wandful of security-wages for a year or so). Now, you tell me...

I joined AAPA, UAPA and NAPA at the same time and have been equally as active in all of them. But surprisingly, there is a "difference" in feeling in my membership in the three. One of them is outstanding in friendship--another is more "colished", and one other is sort of haphazard toward me. I'm wondering, with overlapping memberships, what makes that difference. Is it the officership?

MODERN GYPSY SONG

I hear voices in the distance,
Voices which are calling, calling;
Like the sound of petals falling,
Come away - Come away.
'Tis the lure of faroff places,
And the call of unknown faces,
To my heart they seem to say,
Come away - Come away.

Lure of open road and meadow,
Lure of highways moving, moving;
To the heart intent on roving,
Come away - Come away.
Mountain peak and desert valley,
In the record seem to tally;
Just one thought they do convey,
Come away - Come away.

I shall hearken to the voices,
Heed the urges stirring, stirring;
As I watch propellers whirling,
Come away - Come away.
Giant airbird rises slowly,
With my thoughts profound and holy;
Fearfully they seem to say,
I'm away - I'm away.

NOMA D. SPATH.

FAITH

Write, write, write, brave post loom
In vaulted, bomb shelter room
But compose us please no song
Of sadness, no lyric gloom,
For with each small tear we shed
We die a bit, souls like dead;
Vision lines for us instead
Built heroic on this thought:
Routes to war are all too short
Those to peace are all too long,
Rhyme the way so we can see
Hope's end of war misery!

---DAVID VAN RAALTE

SO MANY MARTHA'S

So many Martha's rushing about
From sunrise till ending of day.
They are cleaning, and washing and
painting the church
And brushing the cobwebs away.
Everyone's busy.....So much to be done!
"A church must be perfect", folks say.
But where are the Mary's, who quietly
sit
At the feet of the Master today

THEY NEVER BRAG ON ME

X-FN4827

S

If, when I am on the job
I do everything just right
When everybody's looking
My skill escapes their sight.
But, if, when I am at my job
And do just one thing wrong
You bet they're all stering my way
And gaping, loud, and long!

(Mrs. John R. Brann
316 So. Helbrook St.
Fort Scott, Kansas

MEMORY

A red-winged blackbird swinging on a
catal.
Thin scarlet banner in a distant sky.
Voice of a cricket counting off the
seconds.
A small lonely girl-child that was I.
Bringing home the cows with their heavy
udders,
Standing for a moment looking in the
sky.
Then in barefoot wonder going home to
supper
Holding tight the beauty knowing it
would die.
Die but bloom tomorrow for a lonely one
like I.

Nellie Duffy
1330 South Grand
Glenwood Springs, Colo.

MOUNTAIN OR SEASHORE

Mountain or Seashore, do I prefer?
"Mountain of course," I'd answer you sir
Mountains so beautiful in sunshine or
rain
Looking toward heaven again and again.

They shelter the birds, the deer and the
bear
Many of God's creatures assemble there.
Life of these wild ones is good as can be
Far up the mountain away from the sea.

ALICE R. CARDELL

If you enjoy this poetry issue--
let me know--we might do another.

SHORT

A
N
D

5 - DEC - 6
Copy 196
SWEET

X-PN4827

Irma Schmidt, Ed.
2862 - North 79th St.
Milwaukee 10, Wisconsin

NOVEMBER 1957

U.A.P.A. Pub.



"I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live:"
Psalms, CIV:33

How seldom is the heart of man moved to thankfulness. How seldom does he look about and behold the blessings of God. When the sun shines brightly and the sky is a beautiful azure blue he takes it for granted. If it rains he grumbles even though the rain is needed for the growth of the food he eats every day.

In a depression he grumbles because he has no work. In times of prosperity because he must work too much. It makes one wonder why God bothers with man at all. Only because He is long-suffering toward His wayward children. But even His patience will end eventually toward those who turn from Him continually. So praise the Lord while there is still time. Look around you and count your blessings and your heart will "sing" unto the Lord.

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Guest Poet - Macie Bartlett



THANKSGIVING

Come be thankful for the harvest
Root and fruit and ripened grain
Now within the store house garnered
Safe from winter's frost and rain.

Come rejoicing to God's table;
Humbly bow our heads in prayer
Thankful for His plenteous bounty
We can with each other share.

Let us come in glad thanksgiving
For the blessings from above;
Favored we above all others
In this blessed land we love.

Macie Bartlett.

SPUTNIK

Twinkle, twinkle little sputnik
How we wonder where you are
As thru' outer space you wander
We look for you from afar.

Baby moon beep for your daddy
As alone thru' space you roam.
Do not weep poor little sputnik;
Some day you'll be coming home.

Macie Bartlett



The article "To Have or Not to Have" by Irma Reitci in the United Amateur (good work, Mr. Zoubeck) is well worth reading. If you have been wondering about whether to engage an agent or not, here is a clear-cut article that gives you the pertinent facts in a way which makes them easily understood.

May your Thanksgiving Day be a pleasant one.

(PLEASE SEE OTHER SIDE FOR CHRISTMAS PAPERS)

Step 5 DEC - 6
Copy 13 Outside

Florence M. Cox
1382 So. 4th. St.
Milwaukee 4, Wis.

4498

of your troubles

O Lord, who lends me life,
lend me a heart replete with thankfulness.---Shakespeare.



X-PN482

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THANKS

There's alwys something to be thankful for:

Before I come downstairs every morning, I see to it that Mother has her hair combed and her shoes and stockings on. From there on, she is on her own. She is pretty tired by the time she gets down to breakfast. Then she must put on her hearing aid which she parks at her place at the table each night before she goes upstairs to bed.

"It's quite a tiresome process; this dressing and getting hitched up for the day," I sympathetically remarked this morning.

"Oh, yes," she said, "but I'm so thankful for this wonderful thing that helps me to hear my own voice again."

And I felt very thankful for my good hearing.

Mother was 95 last June.

F.M.C.

We've changed our perrakeet's name to Sputnik (Sputtie for short) because he's something bright and noisy ruskin' around like crazy.

*Advice to the thin: "Don't eat fast."

*

*Advice to the fat: "Don't eat; fast."

PROSE WRITING

A reporter friend of mine who runs a creative column says it must be easier to write in rhyme than prose because she receives so many poems and almost no prose. Some folks did not compete in our "Time Is a Place" contest as they said they were timid about writing prose.

I think newspapers are a good and inexpensive source for the study of correct prose writing. Newswriters use simple sentence structures uninvolved with clauses within clauses. Instead of slinging words lavishly, they use words precisely and effectively.

Reporters give a framework of facts in a lead paragraph keeping it as short as possible. Then they write the story in a logical sequence omitting details that have no direct bearing on the subject.

Usually several short paragraphs are used instead of a few long ones. Reporters write in a way to make as clear as they can the things they want to say.

F.M.C.



BIRTHSTONE FOR EDITORS-----THE GRINDSTONE

Happy Birthday to you November and December folks and a nice Thanksgiving day to all of you.

Now PLEASE TURN THIS PAPER OVER AND FIND MY CHRISTMAS ISSUE.

Short & Sweet

#477

Irma Schmidt, Editor
2862 - North 79th. St.
Milwaukee 10, Wisconsin

5 - OCT 22
1957

SEPTEMBER - 1957
A United Amateur
Press Assoc. Pub.

Hi Everybody:

Well, the U.A.P.A. Convention is past and gone but the memory lingers on. It was wonderful seeing again the people we had met at the convention in New York last year, and meeting others whom we had not met before. A very congenial group of people. Wish I didn't have to wait a whole year to see you again.

Guest Poet - Macie Bartlett

THE CITY SLEEPS

X-PN4827

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I look upon the thoroughfare
Deserted in the wee small hours
And offer up a thankful prayer
For peace and safety that is ours.

The city sleeps quite undisturbed,
A half a million souls at rest
Their daily toil or pleasure curbed
In hours of restfull slumber blessed.

No blackouts to depress the soul,
No air alarms nor bombs we hear,
No marching hoards who take their toll
In death, to fill our hearts with fear.

God in thy wisdom watch and guide
Our nation, that no danger creeps
Within our borders far and wide
To harm us while the city sleeps.

by Macie Bartlett
738 - North 14 St.
Milwaukee 3, Wisc.

**** ** ***** ** ***** ** ***** ** ***** ** ***** ** *****

If you like Macie's poem why not drop her a line saying so. For the benefit of new members, Macie is a shut-in and mail means much to her.

CONTEST REMINDER

The entries are still coming in. How about yours? It is still not too late to enter if you hurry. October 1, 1957 is the deadline. Rules, etc. in Summer Edition of SHORT & SWEET.

KNUTE ROCKNE SAID IT

Try hard to win. But if you can't win, be a good loser.

SEATTLE AMATEUR

(Sic itur ad astra.)

Volume 55

SEATTLE, WASH., JANUARY 1958

Number 1

PUBLIC PHILOSOPHY

IF YOU want to get a clear idea of why communism and totalitarianism may be winning the battle for conquest of the world, get and read Book by Walter Lippman, "The Public Philosophy."

A democracy arises as a revolution against the totalitarian power or the king. A government is freely elected by a free people. All goes well for a while. Then with a big increase in population many powerful but conflicting groups arise. The attempt of the government to satisfy all the desires of the different groups ends up in a weak vacillating government, unable or unwilling to carry out any safe and sane well-established philosophy to which the public desires to have them adhere. "A continuing practical failure to govern will lead—no one can say in what form and under what banners—to counterrevolutionary measures for the establishment of a strong government. The alternative is to withstand and to reverse the descent towards counterrevolution. It is a much harder way. It demands popular assent to radical measures which will restore government strong enough to resist the encroachments of the assemblies and of mass opinions, and strong enough to guarantee private liberty against the pressure of the masses."

The most unfortunate thing about

this world-wide tendency or drift toward counterrevolution is that when it is victorious, it drifts into a totalitarian dictatorship. Then the "vivisionist mind" controls the new dictator. He wants to help humanity and make this world a heaven by experiments which entail the prolonged torture and perhaps complete elimination of millions of "animals" who happen to be human who have a different "public philosophy" and refuse to be brain washed and go along.

The counterrevolution is started by those unable to get redress of real grievances. But current history has shown that the new counterrevolutionary governments fail miserably to remove the grievances that started the upheaval,

"The ancient world was not lost or destroyed because the traditions or the public philosophies were false. They were submerged, neglected, lost. For the men adhering to them had become a dwindling minority who were overthrown and displaced by men who were alien to the traditions, having never been initiated and adopted into them." This is obviously happening again today. The essence of democracy is simply unknown.

For different groups or masses, with their competing interests, to live together in peace and freedom within one community there must be a com-

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Stop Outside

X-FN4827

3.

of your troubles

4501

PRAYER FOR LAUGHTER

Dear Lord, to preserve my sanity
Midst chaos which threatens to swallow me
Help me, no matter what ill fate brings,
To look for the funny side of things;
Help me, above all else, to keep
My sense of humor when I would weep.
Let not my fellow-men cause distress;
Lord, make me to realize their funniness!
Help me to find the humor in pain
That throbs all day in my tired brain-
(To keep me constantly well aware
Of the brain's oft-doubted presence there!)
Send me a hearty laugh to calm
My quivering nerves with its magic balm....

. A sense
. of humor-
. that priceless
. thing.
. That takes
. the place
. of a vehicle
. spring.
. That helps
. us balance
. our heavy
. load,
. As we travel
. Life's rough
. and bumpy
. road.

F.M.C.

Author unknown.

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HAPPY
EASTER GREETINGS
to all old and new friends,
fellow U.A.P.A. members,
I say.

F.M.C.

COMPARE
EDUCATION
to a fertile farm which
is lost unless cultivated
through life.

F.M.C.

As I write U.A.P.A., the initials of our association, I think of an item in the newsletter of the National Auto and Truck Wrecker's Association which said the following about belonging to your professional association:

"You don't buy a newspaper; you buy news. You don't buy life insurance; you buy security for others. You don't buy glasses; you buy vision. You don't buy awnings; you buy shade. You don't buy membership in your organization; you buy cooperation of the ablest in your line, with whom you join hands doing things you cannot do alone."

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SEE IF IT ISN'T SO

If you boil down most types of writing, that's fine--- BUT, if you try it on conversation, you'll boil your folks right out of character!

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PLEASE TURN TO THE OTHER SIDE TO READ ANTHONY CAMA'S
"GOOD FRIDAY IS CALVARY"